

From the North British Review.

The Works of Ben Jonson. With a Biographical Memoir. By William Gifford. A New Edition. London, Moxon, 1853.

It is somewhat unfortunate for Ben Jonson, that the task of presenting him again to his fellow-countrymen, at a time when their acquaintance with him had gradually faded to nothing, or even become enmity, should have fallen to a writer so polemical as Mr. Gifford. The Memoir of Jonson, indeed, originally prefixed to Gifford's edition of the poet's works in 1815, is no common piece of writing. But it is rather a savage pamphlet in defence of Jonson than a biography. Both in the text, and in the chaos of subjoined footnotes, between which and the text the reader is tossed about so uncomfortably, the author's one plan for reinstating Jonson in the good opinion of his countrymen, is to fall foul of every critic, old or recent, that had ever said a word against him. Malone, in particular, among the modern critics of Ben, and the Scottish poet, Drummond, among the older, are mauled without mercy. The effect, certainly, is to make out a case for Ben, and to show that, besides being a great dramatist, and a real power in English literature, he was by no means so evil and truculent a fellow personally, as, from the habit of always holding him up in moral contrast with Shakspeare, people had learnt to fancy him. On the whole, however, Jonson suffers from the outrageously pugnacious manner in which his advocate defends him. Not only are sober persons not disposed to see Drummond, Malone, and everybody else made to be fools or worse, in order that Ben may shine forth white and immaculate; not only does the defence, on this account, irritate, and so provoke to rejoinder, in which, for the sake of fair play, Ben must sometimes be hit back again, even by those who would rather not do so; but the mere circumstance that the writer has seen fit to adopt so intensely negative a method of dealing with his hero's life, necessarily defeats his purpose. When one is introduced to a man only to hear in succession all the charges that have been made against him, then, however complete the

vindication from each may seem, the impression that remains is far from pleasant. When one expects a life of an important man, it is a disappointment to find nothing more than a series of proofs that he was not the absolute brute that others have represented him to be. There is the chance, moreover, of some of the refutations not seeming so satisfactory to the reader as to the author; in which case, from the lack of all that positive information about the undeniable excellencies of the man which would enable one to pass over a little speck in him here and there, and even to like it as characteristic, the effect is purely detrimental. In short, as in most such cases, the positive method is the best. Tell us what the man was, and you arm us against all that can be unfairly said to his disadvantage. Inform us of the whole, and we shall then know how to interpret the parts. Something of the controversial was perhaps necessary in a sketch of Jonson at the time when Gifford wrote his; but it would, certainly, have been better if Gifford, with far less of reference to the adverse criticisms of Malone and others, had carefully put together his own notions of Ben's character and habits as he lived, and then simply hung up the portrait that people might see it and judge of it.

We cannot, in a brief article, pretend to do what a man like Gifford left so conspicuously undone; but we shall try to avoid his error, and, in what we do say, to be descriptive rather than polemical. It is not, however, a complete critique of Jonson as a poet and dramatist that we can here attempt. All that we intend is to throw together a few particulars relative to his life, which may be interesting to those whose leisure does not permit such retrospective studies, and to convey incidentally such a view of his character as those who are familiar with his works may compare with that which they have themselves formed.

Born in 1573, Jonson was the junior of Shakspeare by nine years. By birth he may be said to have been a Londoner; for Westminster, within whose precincts he first saw the light, was already linked to the city by the fast-filling Strand. He had Scotch blood

in him, however, for his grandfather was a Johnstone of Annandale, who had come into England in the reign of Henry VIII. This Johnstone's son, anglicized into a Jonson, had had misfortunes under Mary, and had become a minister of the English Reformed Church. He died a month before his son Benjamin was born; and his widow, two years afterwards, married a master-bricklayer, named Fowler. Ben's earliest recollections, therefore, were those of the step-son of a bricklayer, living in a lane near Charing-Cross. There seems no reason to doubt that his step-father and mother did him all the justice they could, though in a poor way. They sent him to an ordinary school in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, within which they resided; and, when he was older, some friend, who probably knew his father, got him admitted to Westminster School, of which the great Camden was then one of the masters. If it was not Camden himself who got him admitted to the school, he at least found a friend in this great scholar, to whom, in subsequent years, when both were better known, he was never tired of showing his attachment.

"Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know."

These words, in one of his epigrams, are not a mere compliment. Schoolmasters were schoolmasters in those days; Camden was a king among schoolmasters, a training under whom was probably, so far as classical instruction went, a pretty efficient education in itself; and vast as Jonson's learning in the classical department is known afterwards to have been, it seems likely that the foundation of it was entirely laid in Westminster School. Even if we admit the authority of Aubrey and Fuller, for supposing that after leaving school, he went to Cambridge, we seem bound by the tenor of his own statements to Drummond of Hawthornden, to suppose that his stay at the University was but short. He was taken from his studies, as he told Drummond, to be put to a trade. The trade chosen was naturally that of his step-father; and he must have worked at it for some time, for the name of "bricklayer" stuck to him. According to Fuller, "he helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in one hand, he had a book in his pocket." At last, rather than

wear the bricklayer's apron longer, he enlisted, and went to serve with the Queen's army in Flanders. He served at least one campaign, and in such a way as to have some personal feats of courage to boast of. It was probably about 1593, when he was nineteen or twenty years of age, that he returned to England. He seems to have had but two alternatives after doing so — brick-laying again, or literature. He chose the latter; and, taking up his abode with his mother, now again a widow by the death of his step-father, he began his forty-four years' life as a literary man about town.

To be a literary man about town then meant but one thing; to have a connection with the theatres either solely as a play-writer, or, better still, as both play-writer and actor. To meet the demand for amusement among a population hardly amounting to 200,000 persons, there were already several regular or established theatres, such as the Blackfriars, the Rose in Bankside, and the theatre in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch; besides many other minor theatres, or rather rooms for scenic representation, scattered through the town, in inns and the like, and supported by the classes who now attend our modern singing and dancing soloons. The frequency with which new plays were produced at these theatres seem also to have far exceeded anything now known. On an average, the audiences at each of the greater theatres required a new play every eighteen days. To cater for this appetite on the part of the public, the managers and proprietors of theatres were obliged to keep continually about them a retinue of writers capable of producing new plays as fast as they were wanted. As the sole end in view was to get ready such pieces as would please when acted, (the subsequent publication of the play being but rarely thought of,) it was comparatively indifferent to both authors and managers whence the materials were obtained, and whether they were borrowed or original. To furnish up a new play out of old ones which had served their day, or to bring out at a short notice a new play on a subject already made popular at another theatre, was often all that was required. Hence it was not uncommon for proprietors to arrange that two or three, or even five or six of "their authors" should all set to work at once on a projected play, so as to get it done in time.

Here, then, was a field for literary talent, fulfilling very much the same purpose for the London of that day that newspaper and periodical writing fulfils for the London of this. Nor were there wanting men to occupy it. Ever since the disarrangement of ranks in English society caused by the Reformation, a literary class had been forming itself under difficulties out of the stray men of education and ability who were then floated loose from the older and somewhat crippled professions; and this class had a natural tendency to centralize itself in London. For a time the press had furnished the members of the new class with a precarious means of livelihood. Translation, as Gifford remarks, was one great resource; and, trusting to the taste for reading then beginning to be considerable, young men from the colleges, who had come to London as adventurers, set themselves, with extraordinary assiduity, to the translation of romances and poems out of the Italian and Spanish. From translation to imitation or adaptation, was an easy step. Very soon the press began to pour forth tales and poems liberally varied from the Italian and Spanish originals. But the rise of the stage, and the elevation of the business connected with it, into a flourishing profession, opened up a new prospect to these struggling sons of literature. The press, by means of which one could only hope to reach scattered readers at their own firesides, offered no such attractions and no such emoluments as the theatres, which gathered all sorts of persons together, night after night, and submitted them, amid the excited conditions of glare, orgy, and scenic effect, to the direct influence of the author's words and fancies. Accordingly, as by a kind of common impulse, a number of university men threw themselves, about or somewhat before the year 1580, into the service of the stage, bent on rescuing it from the coarse and untaught buffooneries of the hostlers, tapsters, discharged servants, and others, who had till then had it all to themselves. These rude earlier practitioners of the drama were, at all events, driven to the lower places of the dramatic world; while the higher places, in more, immediate connection with the chief theatres, were occupied by such speculating managers and men of business as Henslowe, and James Burbage, who had gradually taken to this mode of investing their money, and by such scholarly

writers as Kyd, Lodge, Greene, Lyly, Peele, Nash, Chettle, Munday, and Marlowe, in association with them. These founders of the regular English drama were, almost without exception, young men who had had a university education, and who, while writing for the stage, continued to write poems and other literary pieces of a non-dramatic character. Very soon, however, there were others, not exactly college-bred men, but men with the literary faculty and the spirit of social adventure strong in them, who, either led by magnetic attraction, or driven by the force of circumstances, attached themselves to this metropolitan group of authors, actors, and managers. Such a man was Shakspeare, the son of an ex-alderman of Stratford-on-Avon, who came up to town in 1585 or 1586, at the age of twenty-two or thereby, to push his fortune. Such a man also, a little later, as we have seen, in point of time, was our soldier-bricklayer, Ben Jonson, just returned from Flanders. Later or contemporary adherents to the same increasing cluster—some from the unlearned, but more from the learned class, and some also from among those seniors of Shakspeare and Jonson who had hitherto kept aloof from the stage and been known only as general poets, writers, and translators—were Chapman, Drayton, Daniel, Webster, Middleton, Decker, Wilson, Marston, Hathway, Tailor, Tourneur, and Heywood. New actors, also, with the Burbages and Kemps at their head, sprang up to perform the plays so prolifically produced; new theatres were built; the Court made the patronage of the stage one of its duties, and organized companies of players under its own inspection; and thus was formed that little busy world of actors, dramatic authors, theatre proprietors, author-actors, and actor-proprietors, which whirled in the middle of London society during the last ten or fifteen years of the reign of Elizabeth, drawing almost all the literary talent, and much of the riot and recklessness of the time, into its vortex.

The poor bricklayer seems to have hung for some time on the skirts of this world, wistfully looking into it, rather than admitted to a share of its prizes. The prudent Shakspeare, confining himself to one theatre and one company, was already a conspicuous man, attacked by the envy of some on account of his rapid and astonishing success as a play-writer, but on the whole a favorite

with his fellows, and growing rich on his triple profits as author, actor, and shareholder. Even others who had nothing but their authorship to trust to, and who, instead of writing uniformly for one theatre as Shakspeare did, wrote for any theatre that would accept their plays, were in the receipt of earnings which Jonson might envy. After 1592, £5 for a play (equivalent to about £25 now) seems to have been about the average sum paid by such managers as Henslowe to authors of good reputation; but the standard of price was gradually rising, and before the close of Elizabeth's reign, as much as £10 or £12 was given by Henslowe for a single play. Small remuneration as, even after allowing for the difference of value, this would now be considered, busy writers, otherwise connected with the theatres, contrived to make it answer. But this was a height of fortune to which Jonson had to work his way. Through what obscure toils as a hack-author and would-be actor, connected with some of the minor London play-houses, or even with strolling companies, he did work his way to it, must remain matter for conjecture. Our first distinct recognition of his whereabouts, after his betaking himself to the stage, is in 1596-8, by which time he had so far succeeded as to be in connection with Henslowe, then the potentate among theatrical managers, and the employer of full one-half of the dramatic authors of London. Henslowe's principal theatre was the Rose in Bankside; but he may also have had an interest in a small theatre called the Curtain, situated in Holywell Lane, Shoreditch, close to that other and larger one already mentioned as situated in the same locality, and which was called by way of distinction and superiority "The Theatre." It is as a member of the company performing at the Curtain, at all events, that Jonson is first heard of. In the interval during which we lose sight of him, he had become a married man and a father; and as he seems from the first to have had very little chance of making any but the stiffest figure as an actor, he was now probably doing his best to shuffle off the actor altogether, and get into such relations with Henslowe as would enable him to support his family by writing alone. The following entries in Henslowe's Diary give us some traces of him at this time:

"July 28, 1597.—Lent unto Bengemen Johnson, player, in redey money, the some of fower poundes, to be payd yt agayne when so ever ether I, or any for me, demand yt."

"December 3, 1597.—Lent unto Bengemen Johnson, upon a booke which he was to write for us befor Crysmas next after the date herof, which he showed the plott unto the company: I saye lent in redey money unto hime the some of 20s."

"January 5, 1597-8.—Lent Bengemyne Johnson, in redy money, the some of 5s."

These extracts clearly show that, whether acting at the Curtain or at the Rose, Jonson had, by the year 1597, worked his way up so far as to be one of Henslowe's writers for the stage, standing to him in the same relation as Drayton, Decker, Munday, Marston, Chettle, and many more,—that is, receiving payments from him for work already done, or, more frequently, loans on the faith of work still in progress. It has been supposed by Malone, Gifford, and others, that a piece mentioned in Henslowe's Diary, under the name of "The Umers," (*i. e.*, "The Humors,") as having been produced at the Rose on the 11th of May, 1597, and acted a good many times in that and the following months, was no other than the original draft by Jonson of his *Every Man in his Humor*, produced afterwards by Shakspeare's company at the Globe, as a new play. This is possible, but it is by no means likely; and on the whole, in spite of Gifford, we are obliged to conclude that whatever Jonson did for the London stage prior to his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year, was not of so much consequence as to give him eminence among his contemporaries, or secure his future fame. Nothing, at least, of what he wrote for Henslowe, or others, before this time, survives among his printed works.

There was, indeed, a too near possibility that Jonson's career might be altogether brought to a close at this time, and that in a manner the most disagreeable in the world. Never a man of very orderly temper or habits, he had got into a quarrel with a fellow-player of Henslowe's company, named Gabriel Spenser; and in September, 1598, he and Spenser fought a duel with swords in Hoxton Fields. Spenser, who was the challenger, was killed on the spot. Jonson received a wound in the arm, and was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of murder. The case

excited no little interest in the playing world; not a few seem to have taken the part of the slain man; and, as Jonson afterwards told Drummond, he was "almost at the gallows" for his exploit. It is not every man of letters that has his career marked by so close an approach to the very utmost fate that the world can award to one of its members; and Jonson seems fully to have appreciated the distinction which this incident conferred on him. Even now it may help us to a more correct estimate of Ben's nature, if we generalize the incident, and remember him as a man who, while he had that in him on the one hand which could bring him into fellowship with the greatest and strongest minds known in England, and could even make him a magnate among them, had, on the other hand, some of those other qualities in him which, in a society constructed according to law and precedent, are apt, if at all in excess, to bring their possessor into acquaintance with the hangman. Nay, probably, we are wrong in saying "other qualities;" for who can tell what potency those very qualities which might hang a man, may, if balked of that issue in the case of a man of letters, and driven in upon his general activity, impart to his genius? An "almost hanged man of genius," whether we regard the constitutional unruliness which brought him into that predicament, or the probable effects of the predicament itself, must needs be a formidable person in a community. One effect of the predicament itself in Ben Jonson's case was to make him turn Catholic. Very loose in matters of religious faith when he went into prison, he was visited there by a Catholic priest from whom, as he told Drummond, "he took his religion on trust." He kept to it twelve years, and then publicly and emphatically renounced it, and re-entered the Church of England. Such alternations, it is to be remarked, were not then unusual with Englishmen of more grave and serene natures than Jonson.

It is from the period of Jonson's release from prison that his acknowledged literary reputation begins. Very probably there was a considerable increase of interest — kindly on the part of some, and bitterly hostile on the part of others, — in the fortunes of the rough ex-bricklayer who had killed Gabriel Spenser, and so narrowly

escaped the consequences. To avail himself of this interest, such as it was, he had a play ready in which he really showed what powers lay under his roughness. Whether by Shakspeare's interest, or not, *Every Man in his Humor* was produced, in the shape in which we now have it, in the year 1598, at the Globe theatre in Bankside, with all the strength of the company, Shakspeare himself included, to give it success. From that time Ben took his place among the dramatists. There was certainly enough in the play both to excite admiration and to give offence. No one could deny that there was stuff in the author of such a piece, that there was genuine humor and dramatic talent in him, and that after all, call him bricklayer as people please, there was enough of learning in him to recall the fact that he had been Camden's scholar, and far more than many could pretend to who had never carried the hod. Shakspeare, for example, must have recognized the sturdy young fellow of twenty-five who had written such a piece as worthy of the grasp of companionship. On the other hand, however, there was a certain arrogance of tone and manner about the play, a certain air of self-assertion and dogmatism which, if it only interested and amused Shakspeare, could not but rouse the Deckers, and Marstens, and Chettles, and set them against the author. The author as good as announced himself as the only man who had a genuine notion of true comedy, — the comedy of actual life, after the manner of Plautus and Terence, instead of the comedy of romance and phantasy practised by Shakspeare and others. And, if the impression thus produced was not likely to be diminished by Ben's personal intercourse with his brother dramatists, it was certainly not likely to be effaced by his two next plays, — *Every Man out of his Humor*, acted at the Globe in 1599; and *Cynthia's Revels*, acted before the Court by the children of the Royal Chapel in 1600. In both of these "Comical Satires," as they were called, not only was the new style of comedy continued, but the author's ideas of poetry and the drama were asserted, and, as it were, paraded in a way to provoke criticism and controversy on the part of his contemporaries. Thus, in *Every Man out of his Humor*, the plan is adopted of introducing a play within a play, as in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal" and Sheridan's "Critic," in after times. Three

characters, called respectively *Asper*, or "the Rough;" *Cordatus*, or "the well-affected;" and *Mitis* or "the Complaisant," are first introduced,—*Asper*, as the author of the play, and *Cordatus* and *Mitis* as friends of his; and these three personages are made first to discuss the intention of the real or inner play at some length, and then to sit as spectators of it while it is being acted, and to interpret it scene by scene, and pass running comments upon it. There is no doubt that in *Asper* the poet meant to typify himself; and the following passage in which he and his friends *Cordatus* and *Mitis* exchange their ideas as to the nature of true dramatic writing, before the acting of the play begins, may therefore, be quoted as indicating the spirit in which Ben Jonson at this time came before the critics and the public. *Asper*, it may be premised, is thus described in the preliminary account of the *Dramatis Personæ*:—"He is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses,—one whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion." This nonpareil of a dramatist, and his two remonstrating friends, rush on the stage together as the horn blows for the performance to begin, and the following dialogue ensues:

"*Cordatus*. — Nay, my dear *Asper*.

"*Mitis*. — Stay your mind.

"*Asper*. — Away!

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his tongue?
Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretcht wings,

Ready to sink us down, and cover us—
Who can behold such prodigies as these
And have his lips sealed up? Not I: my soul
Was never ground unto such oily colors,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity;
But with an armed and resolved hand
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.

"*Cordatus*. — Be not too bold.

"*Asper*. — You trouble me—and with a whip of steel,

Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamped in a private brow,
When I am pleased to unmask a public vice.
I fear no strumpet's drugs nor ruffian's stab,
Should I detect their hateful luxuries:
No broker's, usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,

Were I disposed to say they are all corrupt.
I fear no courtier's frown, should I applaud
The easy flexure of his supple hams.
Tut! these are so innate and popular,
That drunken custom would not shame to laugh,
In scorn at him that should but dare to tax 'em;
And yet, not one of these but knows his works,
Knows what damnation is, the devil, and hell;
Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,
Puffing their souls away in perjurious air,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.

"*Mitis*. — Forbear, good *Asper*; be not like your name.

"*Asper*. — O, but to such whose faces are all zeal,

And, with the words of Hercules, invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sin,
But seem as they were made of sanctity,
Religion in their garments, and their hair
Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when the conscience

Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

"*Mitis*. — Gentle *Asper*! —

Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

"*Cordatus*. — Unless your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

"*Asper* (turning to the audience). — I not
observed this thronged round till now!
Gracious and kind spectators, you are welcome;
Apollo and the Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto the largest strain!
Yet here mistake me not, judicious friends:
I do not this to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing on his merit,
Let me be censured by the austere brow;
Where I want art or judgment, tax me freely;
Let envious censors, with their broadest eyes,
Look through and through me. I pursue no favor;

Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
O! how I hate the monstrosity of time,
Where every servile, imitating spirit,
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet, — but as lame
As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripple-gate!

"*Mitis*. — In faith, this humor will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptory."

Mitis was right. This humor came ill both to audience and critics, and Jonson was thought — and more especially by those who came in personal contact with him, and could contrast these aspirations of his after the office of a social reformer with his qualifications for the office as shown in his own walk and conversation — to be a thousand degrees

too peremptory. "Whom have we got here?" asked the established dramatists of the day. "A true *Asper*, or rough diamond," answered Shakspeare, and others of his stamp. "An arrogant bragging fellow of a bricklayer," said others, "who pretends to set us all to rights, and because he has been near the gallows himself, and has served in the camp in Flanders, thinks himself entitled to lash all other men for their vices." Such was Jonson's reception by his literary contemporaries, on his first appearance as a dramatist. How, by the continued exercise of his powers, both socially and as a dramatist, he confirmed the favorable opinion of those who perceived his worth under his harsh exterior; and how, by his merciless punishment of his enemies in his fourth play, *The Poetaster*, and, in other ways, he terrified them into submission, are matters familiarly known to all readers of literary history. In short, at the time of the death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James I. (1603), Ben Jonson, the author of four comedies, and then only thirty years of age, was, if not one of the most popular authors transmitted to the new reign from the one just ended, at least one of the most massive, powerful, and promising.

The promise was fulfilled. With the reign of James, indeed, a new generation had commenced, and new poets and dramatists came on the stage to continue the splendid era of English literature, which had been begun by their seniors under Elizabeth, and to tax their younger powers in co-operating with those surviving seniors, so as to make the continuation of the era more splendid, if possible, than the beginning. Yet among all these, partly in virtue of his living so long in the midst of them after most of the other Elizabethans had died off, but in the main in virtue of the continued exercise of his literary industry in competition with them, Ben contrived to retain his rank as a chief and potentate. Were we writing a detailed biography of Ben, with a view to exhibit the precise relations in which he stood to English literature and English literary men, we should probably divide the concluding thirty-four years of his life (1603-1637) into three periods — the first extending from 1603 to 1616, during which Shakspeare was still alive to be compared with him, and, along with others, to exclude him from the sovereignty of the drama; the second, extending from 1616 to the close of

James's reign in 1625; and the third, extending from 1625 to 1637, and corresponding with the first twelve years of the reign of Charles. We can but glance at these three periods successively.

1. *From 1603 to 1616 or from Ben's thirty-first to his forty-fourth year.* The peculiarity of this period, as a part of Ben's career, is that Shakspeare, as well as such others of the senior Elizabethans as Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Decker, Marston, Middleton, still remained in the field to divide public attention with him, and that new dramatic rivals had also appeared in Beaumont and Fletcher, and, one may also add, in Massinger. In the midst of these, and holding very much the same relations to most of them as he had acquired before Elizabeth's death — that is, acknowledged by them all to be a man of weighty metal, though somewhat of a blusterer — Ben went on writing his laborious dramas at the rate of about one a year, and getting them acted with various success. Among his published writings there belong to this period his two tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, and the comedies of *Vulpone*, *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and *The Devil is an Ass*. These, however, were by no means his sole productions during the thirteen years in question. Pieces of less importance, and not now preserved, were written by him during this time for Henslowe and others; and "Bengemy Jonson" still figures occasionally as a borrower of small sums in Henslowe's Diary. One piece, called *Eastward Hoe*, written by him in 1605 in conjunction with Chapman and Marston (the latter of whom, though formerly a bitter enemy, had now become reconciled to him), was near bringing all the three authors into a serious scrape. Here is Jonson's own account of the affair as reported by Drummond.

"He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots in a play *Eastward Hoe*, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others: at the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison; and, that

she was no churle, she told she minded first to have drunk of it herself."

A perilous old woman certainly, and Ben's mother to the life! We wonder how the venerable Camden, the gentlemanly young Selden, and the other guests, looked when the old lady, with the glass in one hand, and the paper of poison in the other, made the speech to her son, and informed him of her kind intentions with respect to him, in case he had been sentenced to lose his ears and have his nose slit. It now appears, however, that Ben in the same year underwent a second imprisonment, with Chapman, on account of another play. What made his release in both cases easier was probably the fact, that by this time he was beginning to be personally known at Court, as a writer of masques and entertainments intended for the amusement of the King and Queen, and the courtiers. In 1603, on the occasion of James' coronation, Jonson had been employed by the city authorities to assist in giving a kind of poetical organization to the ceremony, by arranging the pageantry of the procession, writing poetical speeches, &c. The result was the *Part of the King's Entertainment*, now printed among his works. He doubtless found this a prosperous opening of a new vein of authorship; for several other such entertainments, now also printed among his works, were produced by him to the order of various persons and corporations between 1603 and 1606. The taste for these elegant extravagances, as aids to festivity, was then at its height; and no one seems to have been fonder of them than the Queen. In the year 1605, her majesty began herself to get up such things, very much as noble families now get up charades and private theatricals, for the entertainment of herself and her ladies at Christmas, Twelfth Night, and other like times. Whitehall was the usual place where the performances took place; the Queen, her ladies, and the gravest courtiers joined in them, as actors of mythological parts; no expense was spared in the dresses, the requisite scenery for land, water, and forest, or the machinery for clouds, thunder, and moonshine; corantos, and other court measures, were danced by satyrs, muses, negroes, and nymphs; and Solomon-James himself would shamble in to see. For the mechanical part of the arrangements a most suitable person was found in young Inigo Jones, then just

returned from his travels, under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke; and he became in consequence court architect. It was Ben Jonson's good fortune to be chosen for the poetical part of the work; and hence that long series of masques, anti-masques, and the like, to the number of some thirty in all, which forms so large a portion of the entire bulk of his writings. Full two-thirds of these sometimes graceful, but on the whole (to us who have not Inigo Jones' scenery, and the living performers before us) very leathery performances, were written prior to 1616; and the receipts from them probably formed a larger account in Ben's exchequer, than the receipts from his regular dramas. Ben was decidedly vain of his powers as a writer of court masques, and he told Drummond that after himself, only Chapman and Fletcher could do anything good in that line.

If we inquire into Ben's social habits at this period of his life, where shall we find him? He lived, as many actors and dramatists besides did, in the Blackfriars, near the great theatres; from which quarter he dates the dedication of *Volpone*, and where also he lays the scene of the *Alchemist*. Here, we are to suppose, lived his wife, of whom all that we know is what he told Drummond himself—namely, that she "was a shrew, yet honest"—and also his children, few of whom, however, appear to have attained to ripe years, and none of whom survived him. His old mother may also have lived here. Seldom, however, except when at home on a fit of work, would Ben be found in his house in Blackfriars; but generally away on his ramble through London and its suburbs, as far as Hampstead and Kentish Town in one direction, and as far as Dulwich or Greenwich in another, employed in what he was pleased to call "gathering humors." Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, according to Old Aubrey, "did gather humors from men wherever they went;" and it hardly required Old Aubrey to tell us that. Their researches were not confined to London or its vicinity. Shakspeare, as we know, had pretty thoroughly explored the line of road between London and Stratford-on-Avon, besides knowing something of the Midland and Western counties in general; and Jonson also had his vacation tours, during which he quartered himself on some of his aristocratic friends. Now that he was so closely connected with the Court, his

friends of this class, and indeed among all the notable men of the day, whether in Church or State, were naturally growing more numerous. Camden and Selden as we have seen, had been among his friends from the first; so probably had Raleigh, in virtue of his relations to literature; and to these were now added such persons of eminent station as Bacon, Coke, Egerton, Salisbury, Lord Aubigny, the munificent Earl of Pembroke, and the whole family of the Sidneys.

The Earl of Pembroke, as he told Drummond, was in the habit of sending him, every New Year's Day, a present of £20 to buy books. As Ben was a frequent guest of these and other persons of rank at their houses in town, so also, in his vacations, he visited them at their country seats, and often for some weeks together. He was no stranger, we believe, at Windsor itself, where masques were occasionally performed. At all events, he was on terms of familiarity with the King and other members of the royal family; and in his conversations with them, he seems to have treated them to tolerably free expressions of his opinions both of men and things. It was one of his wishes, he told Drummond, to be a churchman, if only that he might have the satisfaction of preaching one sermon before the King, in which case he said he would speak out, and "care not what should thereafter befall him, for he would not flatter though he saw death." In short, Jonson's acquaintance with contemporary English society, of all ranks and classes, was sufficiently large to supply him with all the "humors" he required for his plays.

Nor was a touch of foreign travel wanting, to add fresh Continental recollections and experiences to those he had brought with him from the Low Countries. In 1613, he went to France in the capacity of governor or travelling tutor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son—a somewhat bad choice, one would think, for so shrewd a man as Raleigh to make. The youth, at any rate, soon found out his tutor's blind side. "Being knavishly inclined," as Ben himself told Drummond, "the youth among other pastimes, caused him (Ben) to be drunken and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was, and thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out: at which sport young Raughlie's

mother delighted much, (saying his father when young was so inclined,) though the father abhorred it." The scene of this folly was probably Paris. In that city, at all events, Jonson met the Cardinal du Perron during this same visit, and told him to his face, according to his report to Drummond, that his translations from Virgil were good for nothing. Ben had, by this time, ceased to be a Catholic.

Among the London haunts of Ben, during the theatrical season, when he and his brother dramatists were all in town, there is one which is entitled to pre-eminent mention. This is the Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside, famous in our literary history as the habitual resort (for then, more than even now, people residing in London dined and supped in taverns) not only of Ben, but of Shakspeare, Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher, Chapman, and the other literary celebrities of those days, and the scene of so many of those merry-meetings and witcombats with which these gods, while as yet they were human enough, used to regale their leisure. Who does not know Beaumont's lines on this paragon of taverns?

..... "What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
 been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and, when that was
 gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty, though but downright fools."

Raleigh, it is said, had founded a kind of regular club at the Mermaid before the close of Elizabeth's reign; and perhaps the most brilliant days of the Club were during the latter years of that reign and the first of James's, while Shakspeare was still in town to make one of the company. But even after Shakspeare had retired on his fortune to Stratford-on-Avon, the meetings were kept up with spirit by Ben and the rest of the fraternity. Nor, when Shakspeare came up to town, as he did at various times on business, would he fail to show his face in the well-known place of trust. Any time, in fact, be-

tween 1603 and 1616, we are at liberty to fancy those meetings in the Mermaid, at which, over a board covered with cups of Canary, and in a room well filled surely with tobacco-smoke, (for had not Raleigh founded the Club, and was not the weed already sold in seven thousand shops in London?) the seated gods, with Ben among them, exchanged their bolts and flashes. Ah! what evenings were these; and how Ben and Shakespeare betongued each other, while the others listened and wondered; and how, when the company had dispersed, the sleeping street heard their departing footsteps and voices, and the stars shone down on the old roofs!

2. From 1616 to 1625, or from Ben's forty-fourth to his fifty-third year. — Shakespeare was dead. Ben himself, if the well-known tradition is to be believed, had been in part the innocent cause of his death; the fever of which he died having been contracted, according to that tradition, in consequence of too free hospitalities exercised in honor of Ben and Drayton during a visit which they paid him at his house in Stratford. Young Beaumont was also dead, and the fruitful partnership between him and Fletcher was at length dis severed. Chapman, Drayton, Webster, Marston, Middleton, Fletcher, without Beaumont, Massinger, and some others, among whom we may now name Ford, were the powers in possession of the stage. Against these, or against most of them, Jonson had already measured himself; and now that some of the greatest stars of the first cluster were gone, and that he had in the meanwhile matured his own art by practice, it might have been supposed that his dramatic activity would be more constant than ever.

Such, however, was by no means the case. "For the long period of ten years from the death of Shakespeare," says Gifford, emphatically, "Jonson did not write one line for the stage." The statement is all but literally correct. The only regular play produced by Jonson during the period of nine years now under notice, was the comedy called *The Staple of News*, brought on the stage in 1625, the very last year of the nine; and it is not certain that James was not dead and Charles on the throne before this play saw the light. In the article of *Masques*, however, Ben was not so barren. Ten of these short performances, now printed among his works, were written during the period in question. Doubtless, also, many of these minor miscellaneous poems and scraps of critical and sententious prose, now appended to his longer and more elaborate compositions under the various name of *Epigrams*, *Observations*, *Forest*, *Underwoods*, and the like, were penned during those years. The probability, indeed, is, that during the nine years in

question, Jonson was voluntarily keeping aloof from the drama, and exercising his genius in other directions, with a view to become independent of the stage altogether. As if to give a public advertisement to this effect, he had brought out, in 1616, in folio, a collected edition of all his works, so far as he cared to have them preserved, written up to that date. By so doing, he seemed to bid farewell to the drama and to all connected with it. But why did he do so, and that at the very time when his mastery of the stage might seem to have been more secure than ever? The reason, we believe, will appear partly in a retrospect of Ben's actual relations to the stage, as determined by what he had already produced for it, partly in an account of the external circumstances of his life during the period at present under notice.

The *Poetaster*, produced in 1601, is the last play of Ben's to the character of which we have made any distinct allusion. It was a merciless satire, in which, by making the poets of the day in general, and Decker and Marston in particular, feel how dangerous he could be, if provoked, he sought to establish his literary reputation against the opposition which had attended his former appearances. In this, as we have seen, he had succeeded. Marston and he had become very good friends, after all; and Chapman and others wrote laudatory verses for his plays, and received similar compliments in return. In short, Ben's genius had secured him his rights, and placed him, in the opinion of all, in the very highest place after that occupied by Shakespeare.

But the spirit of opposition, if outwardly overcome, still rankled within. A very large ingredient of it, doubtless, was envy; but envy was not the sole ingredient. An innovator from the first, Ben necessarily experienced the usual fate of innovators. Even the unlettered public had an instinct that Master Jonson's plays, though mighty learned, and solid and good, were not altogether of the right sort. What they liked best in them they could not thoroughly relish. Shakespeare was their standard of comparison; and seizing on the prominent fact that Jonson made a show of learning in his plays, while Shakespeare made little or none, they laid all the difference to that. "Few of the University pen plays well," says a speaker in a dramatic burlesque of the time; "they smell too much of that writer Ovid and that writer 'Metamorphosis,' and talk too much of Proserpine and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson too." The feeling thus existing in the public mind was kept alive by the more definite criticisms of Ben's

literary rivals. What an absurd notion, that of Ben's, that the dramatist should at the same time be a moralist, writing for a purpose, taking his materials from contemporary society, making each play a lesson of some virtue, or a castigation of some vice, and so ordering his characters that each should represent some "humor" or exaggerated form of human nature, and that the catastrophe should result from the mutual action of the "humors" represented. Then, again, his preference for the classic model of comedy, his adhesion to the classic rule of the unities, and his habit of introducing translations from the Latin into his tragedies. Criticisms like these, caught up and repeated, widened the rupture between Ben and the public. Of course, when such criticisms presented themselves in the Mermaid Club, or other places, Ben's wrath would be fearful. But what was worse than any private onslaught on unlucky wights who were too candid in his presence, was his habit of retaliating on the public in print for presuming not to like his plays, nay, of bearding the very audiences that came to hear him, by means of passages in the plays themselves, or in their prologues or epilogues, anticipating criticism, and signifying his indifference to it. Ben, in fact, was one of those men who are always "treating insults with silent contempt;" that is, who are always making a tremendous noise about them, and never letting one pass without telling heaven and earth of the wrong. As specimens of the kind of "silent contempt" in which he indulged, take the following:

From lines appended to the "Poetaster" on its publication in 1602.

"Polypoosus. . . . They say you are slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a year."

"Author. . . . 'Tis true;

I would they could not say that I did that.

. . . . That these base and beggarly conceits
Should carry it by the multitude of voices
Against the most abstracted work, opposed
To the stuff'd nostrils of the drunken rout!
Oh, this would make a learn'd and liberal soul
To rive his stained quill up to the back,
And damn his long-watched labors to the fire.

. . . . Since the comic muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If tragedy have a more kind aspect;
Her favors in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me: Once I'll say
To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,

As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some to wonder, some despite,
And more despair to imitate their sound.

I, that spend half my nights and all my days

Here in a cell, to get a dark pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy and the bays,

And in this age can hope no other grace.
Leave me! There's something come into my
thought
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's
hoof."

From the dedication of "Volpone" to the two Universities in 1607.—" . . . As for those that will make themselves a name with the multitude, or, to draw their rude and beastly claps, care not whose living faces they entrench with their petulant styles, may they do it, without a rival for me. I choose rather to live buried in obscurity than share with them in so preposterous a fame. . . . The present trade of the stage, in all their miscellane interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? Where nothing but the filth of the time is uttered, and with such impropriety of phrase—such plenty of solecisms—such dearth of sense—so bold prolepses—so racked metaphors, with brotherly able to violate the ear of a pagan, and blasphemy to turn the blood of a Christian to water. This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have seen, judged, and, to my crown approved; wherein I have labored for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poeie, to inform men in the best reason of living."

From the address to the reader prefixed to the "Alchemist" in 1610.—"Thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened than in this age in poetry, especially in plays; wherein now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I name art, when the professors are grown so obstinate contemnors of it, and presumers on their own naturals! [It is evident that Ben had Shakespeare chiefly in view in what follows.] I deny not but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may sometime happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom; and when it comes it does not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than in a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know that, if it were to put the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages, because the most favor common error. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy (copiousness) utter all they can, however unfitly, and these that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater

than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed."

These are but mild specimens of Ben's way of taking the public by the throat. There had been hardly one of his plays produced between 1603 and 1616, in the prologue or epilogue to which, or in the text itself, he had not, in a similar manner, said something in the *odi profanum vulgus* strain, or dared the public at their peril to dislike the play, or abused other writers, and proclaimed himself to be the only true artist. Now, if there is any one thing that the public will not put up with, it is being bullied. There was, perhaps, an element of unpopularity in Ben's dramas themselves; but Ben's explosions of "silent contempt" in their behalf made the case worse. In short, cabals were formed against him, and his later plays were ill received. There were, of course, many—and they were chiefly among the learned classes—who stood by Ben; who liked his doctrines about poetry and the drama; liked his learned allusions, and liked his style. There were others, doubtless, who though they saw not only the immense superiority of Shakespeare personally to Jonson, but also the intrinsic superiority of the Shakspearian theory of dramatic art to that which Jonson represented and inculcated, still recognized the service which Jonson had done to the drama by his massive understanding, and felt the truth of some of his criticisms, and liked to hear him roar. But both these classes together could not save him from the general censure. He perceived this, and hence it was that in 1616, instead of persevering so as to obtain the sceptre which Shakespeare's hand had dropped, he withdrew in dudgeon from the theatre. His appeal with respect to what he had already done, was from the "ignorant many" to the "judicious and learned few" of his own time, and from his contemporaries to posterity; and, as for the further exertions of his genius, why these, again, were to be of that nobler kind which would be done better aloof,

"Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's hoof."

After all, however, had not outward circumstances conspired to assist Ben's intention, it might have been difficult for him to keep to it. But it so happened, that, about the very time when he determined to retire among the learned, it became possible for him to do so. His wife, it appears, had recently died, and this of itself naturally induced some changes in his arrangements and mode of living. The house in Blackfriars was probably given up, and, at all events, that liberty of leaving London and moving

about at pleasure among his friends, which he had used somewhat freely already, was very much increased. What his movements were from 1616 to 1618 cannot be ascertained; but in the summer of this latter year took place that famous foot-journey to Scotland which brought him into such close acquaintance with Drummond of Hawthornden.* He resided with Drummond some weeks, but he remained in Scotland some months in all, and visited the Highlands and various parts of the Lowlands. After his return to England in the spring of 1619, various pieces of good fortune awaited him. In July he received an invitation to Oxford, where amid other honors, he had the degree of Master of Arts conferred on him in a full convocation; and later in the same year, he was appointed by the king to the dignity of Poet-Laureate. Samuel Daniel, then just dead, had virtually held this office, but on Jonson's appointment, it was converted into something of substantial value by having an annual pension of one hundred merks attached to it. The reversion of the office of Master of the Revels was also conferred on Jonson by the king, and it was with some difficulty, we are informed, that his Majesty was prevented from knight-ing his favorite poet. It would have been done but for Ben's own reluctance to accept the honor. The reversion to the Mastership of the Revels brought Ben no increase of fortune, as he did not live to see the office vacant; but his salary as Laureate, together with what he derived from other sources, enabled him to rest from his labors for the stage without serious inconvenience. During the remainder of the reign of James, therefore, we are to imagine him engaged only on masques, and miscellaneous literary work. It was probably during these years that he accumulated most of those MSS.—including an account of his journey to Scotland, a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and a his-

* Drummond's conduct in committing to paper notes of Jonson's private conversations with him has been made the subject of much controversy. Gifford's tirade against Drummond is simply preposterous. Not that we can acquit Drummond altogether, perhaps. To make notes in any case whatever of confidential conversations, and more especially where bits of scandal are involved, would not, by a very strict taste, be considered honorable. The amount of the offence, however, in Drummond's case, depends very much on the intention he had. It is for those who know, independently, what kind of a man Drummond was to say what this may have been; but, so far as appears, he had no other motive than that natural interest which a man of letters living in Scotland would have in the kind of gossip Jonson could bring from London. The notes seem to have been intended for private keeping. See the case clearly stated by Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, in his Preface to the "Conversations," as published by the Shakespeare Society. For our part, seeing that the accuracy and truthfulness of the notes can hardly be doubted, our chief wish is that Drummond had sinned more, while he was about it, and given us more of Ben's gossip.

tory of Henry the Fifth — which were afterwards lost to the world by a fire.

3. *From 1625 to 1637, or from Ben's fifty-third to his sixty-fifth year.* — During these last twelve years of Ben's life, his position with respect to his contemporaries was that of a literary patriarch, retaining enough of his old fire and strength to hold the supremacy against all his competitors, but on the whole, living chiefly on the reputation of what he had already done. One or two of his old brother-Elizabethans, such as Chapman, Donne, and Drayton, survived for a time to bear him company; Massinger and Ford, out of those few newer men who had taken their places during James' reign among the Elizabethan dramatists, also survived, and were in the prime of their activity; among non-dramatic poets who had made their appearance in the same reign, and still continued to be known in literary circles, were Selden, Herbert, Herrick, Quarles, Withers, Phineas Fletcher, Carew, Browne, and others; and gradually adding themselves to those out of the generation then rising into manhood, were the Shirleys, the Wallers, the Davenants, the Sucklings, the Felthams, the Clarendons, the Miltons, the Clelands, and the Cowleys, who were in their turn to live on and be the literary powers of a new and very different era. In these last years of Ben Jonson's life, in fact, the age of Shakespeare and his contemporaries connects itself, and principally through Ben himself, with the age of which Milton is the greatest representative. Ben never knew Milton, though Milton was almost thirty years of age before he died; but that he had an instinctive sense of his function as a living link between a past time and that of which he now saw the beginning, is proved by the personal relations which he cultivated to other men who were of the same age as Milton, or even younger. The Mermaid Club, where Ben had been but one conspicuous member among others older than himself, now no longer existed; and instead of it had arisen the even more famous Apollo Club, held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, of which Ben himself had been the founder, and the laws of which, written by him in pure and classical Latin, were engraved in gold letters over the fire-place in the room where the Club met. Hither came all who, as the phrase was, "desired to be sealed of the tribe of Ben;" here from the chair, which no one else dared to occupy, he promulgated his critical dicta to his admiring disciples, showing them also, by example, with the help of Canary, what true wit was, and sometimes, we fear, under the same influence singing "Old Sir Simon the King." Not Dryden afterwards at Wills', nor Jonson's namesake, later still, at the

Literary Club, ruled with greater authority than he did at the Apollo during the later years of his life. Among the scores of young men whom he took under his patronage here was Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, then a student of law, for whom he showed an extraordinary partiality till the youth began to attend to business, "which he thought never ought to be preferred to his company." It was very much in consequence of the influence thus exerted over rising young men in his declining years that Ben's poetry and his theories about poetry, continued so powerfully to affect English literature throughout the whole of the seventeenth century.

But while Jonson's literary influence thus remained as great as ever, his personal fortunes were on the wane. The death of King James had affected them very considerably for the worse. Charles, it is true, continued to show as much kindness as he conveniently could to the poet whom his father had liked and honored; but his tastes did not lead him to have so much personal intercourse with poets, or to take so much interest in their affairs as his father had found agreeable. While Ben's nominal relations to the Court therefore, were the same as before, they were in reality, far less intimate and far less profitable to himself. He was now seldom called upon for any of those courtly entertainments in the shape of masques, and the like, which had been in so much request during the life of James, and which had brought him so considerable a part of his income. Only three masques in all of those printed among his works were produced for the court during this period of his life — the first for Twelfth Night 1626; the next not till 1630; and the last in the same year. Something more, however, than a mere change in the personal tastes and habits of the sovereign was involved in this diminution of the demand for Ben's services at court. Inigo Jones was now a far greater man at court than he had been when he and Ben first joined their heads together in getting up masques for the late queen and her ladies. Then, according to Ben, he had been a poor youth, with a capital of "thirty pounds in pipkins;" but now he was nothing less than court-architect and court-surveyor, moving about as a grandee, talking familiarly of Euclid, Archimedes, Vitruvius, and Architectonics, and betraying himself occasionally by misquotations in Latin. This portrait, it must be remembered, is drawn by Ben in his spleen, and as we cannot enter into particulars, the simple fact for us is, that here again, whether with right or wrong on his side, Ben had got into one of his quarrels. During James' life, Inigo and he had managed to co-operate har-

moniously and with mutual compliments: but not long after the accession of Charles, the architect and the poet came to a deadly strife on the point of precedence — the architect insisting that the essential part of the masque was his machinery, and the poet maintaining that the masque was nought without his verses. The quarrel came to a height when Ben, in publishing one of his masques, placed his own name before the architect's in the title-page. Inigo, using his influence at court, was able to show his sense of the wrong done to his dignity, by having Ben's services dispensed with in future at court-masques, and having other poets, among whom was one Aurelian Townshend, called in as substitutes. Ben, on his side, took his revenge in those lampoons on Inigo which are printed with his other works. Those who are interested in the "quarrels of authors," will find the history of this one related at length in Gifford and elsewhere.

Deprived of a part of his emoluments from the court, Ben, among whose virtues prudence had been one of the least, began to be really in want, and that at a time when his bodily powers were failing him. Though of a scorbutic habit of body from his boyhood, and of late years grown so enormously corpulent as to be the wonder of Fleet Street, his health had hitherto been proof against all the excesses with which he had tried it; but now dropsy, palsy, and a complication of other disorders, came upon him at once, and for the last years of his life he was scarcely able to go abroad. At least as early as 1628, these maladies had begun to show themselves, and to unfit him for the work required to make up the loss of his Court perquisites. Still he made the attempt. Despite his vows against the stage, he ventured in 1629 to try the public favor with a comedy called *The New Inn*; and, though that failed so conspicuously as to be driven off the stage, his necessities obliged him to digest the affront, and again appeal to the public in his *Magnetic Lady* and his *Tale of a Tub*. These three plays, with the pastoral called *The Sad Shepherd*, and one or two short poetical entertainments written on commission from noble patrons, were the last efforts of his pen. The receipts from them, whatever they were, were by no means sufficient, even when added to his pension as Laureate, to save Ben in his declining years from destitution; and letters of his, both to the King and to various noblemen, are extant, in which he pleads his extreme poverty, and begs their assistance. It is pleasant to have to record that Charles was not appealed to in vain. Besides sending the poet a present of a hundred pounds, after the failure of his comedy in 1629, he

raised his salary as Laureate in 1630, from a hundred marks to a hundred pounds, adding the annual tierce of wine so celebrated in the history of the Laureateship. More than this, it has been proved by the researches of Mr. Dyce into the life of the poet Middleton, that a salary of a hundred nobles a year which had been voted to Jonson by the city of London on his appointment to succeed Middleton as city poet in 1628, but of which they had stopped payment since 1631, because Jonson had "shown no fruits of his labors" on the post, was renewed and paid, with arrears, in 1634, expressly on the ground of the King's solicitation. At this time Jonson may be said to have been on his deathbed; for disease had now confined him to his house, and it was only a question how long he would survive. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, and on the 9th was buried in Westminster Abbey. A subscription was begun with a view to erect a suitable monument to him; but as in those days of political excitement in anticipation of the Civil Wars, the subscription rather lagged, an eccentric Oxfordshire squire, commonly called Jack Young, took the opportunity, as he was passing through the Abbey, to secure at least an epitaph for the poet, by giving a mason eightpence to cut on the stone which covered the grave the words, "O rare Ben Jonson!"

There was good policy in Gifford's protest against the habit of never viewing Ben Jonson except in contrast with a man of such exceptional proportions as Shakespeare. Nor can there be any doubt that, if a critic cared to take the trouble, he could make a very interesting and instructive study of Jonson without ever alluding to Shakespeare in connection with him. On the other hand, however, there is, both historically and psychologically, greater propriety in the habit of keeping up the parallel between the two men than Gifford was disposed to allow. Historically, the propriety of doing so consists in the fact that, while they were yet alive, they were set up against each other as exhibiting different characteristics and representing different tendencies of art, and that they were themselves conscious of the rivalry thus forced upon them. There was, moreover, a considerable period in the history of English literature — that intervening between Shakespeare's death and the close of the seventeenth century — during which, chiefly from the circumstance that Jonson lived twenty-one years into the period, and so had time to impress his personality and his literary maxims upon some of its leading minds, the habit of comparing Shakespeare and Jonson with a view to make out a kind of co-equality between them on the whole, while allowing to

Shakspeare the greater natural genius, constituted in itself a powerful intellectual influence. Without recognizing the fact of an exaggerated estimate of Jonson at one time in comparison with Shakspeare, it is impossible to understand many of the literary peculiarities of the age of Dryden. But even now that time has worked the proper separation between the two men, there are reasons, distinct from the historical one, why the habit of comparing or contrasting them should still be kept up. Physically, morally, and intellectually, the men were such that, being as they were friends and contemporaries, there is a kind of necessity for imagining them together, so as to make each bring out into greater relief the peculiarities of the other. To this day, accordingly, Fuller's well-known fancy-picture of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson as they used to sit opposite to each other at the Mermaid and in other places, is felt to be about as authentic a representation of the two men personally and socially as it would be possible to give.

"Many were the wit-combats betwixt him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performance; Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Fuller, though he was but eight years of age at the time of Shakspeare's death, had reached his thirtieth year before Jonson died; and his picture may, therefore, pretend to some historical value. By the addition, at all events, of a particular or two, it may be made to serve yet as the most accurate we have. The latest time, be it noted, at which the two men could have been seen together, as Fuller fancies them, either at the Mermaid or anywhere else, was the year 1615-16. Assume the time to have been 1615. Shakspeare was then fifty-one years of age, (the fact that he was the elder of the two is apt to be forgotten;) Jonson was forty-two. Glancing from the one to the other, one is struck first of all by the difference of their corporeal dimensions and proportions. Fuller must have had this partly in his eye when he hit on the comparison between the English man-of-war and the Spanish great galleon. The elder, Shakspeare, unless we greatly misinterpret all the contemporary allusions to him that remain, was not above the average size and weight of intellectual Englishmen—"a handsome, well-shaped man," says Aubrey; or, if the imagination insists on being still

more literal, let us say, some five feet nine inches in height, and decidedly on this side of twelve stone in weight. Opposite to this model of courteous proportions, Ben, though nine years the junior, was a Colossus—height unknown, but presumably greater by an inch or two than Shakspeare's; and weight, if not yet actually twenty stone bating two pounds, which we know on his own authority it ultimately became, at least tending to that limit by very visible efforts at increased girth everywhere, but chiefly round the waist. In figure, indeed, and in gait when he walked, Ben Jonson was a kind of first edition of his namesake Samuel. Nor does the resemblance stop here. Like the Doctor, Ben was from his birth of a scorbutic constitution, and bore the marks of it about with him. In his youth his complexion had been tolerably clear and white, but as he grew older, his irregular habits had produced their effects, and there had presented themselves on his face these seams and scars and blotches, which made it, according to all accounts, a face among ten thousand. One has only to look at the capital portrait of Jonson prefixed to Gifford's original edition of the poet's works, and then at any fair copy of the Stratford bust of Shakspeare, or of any of those portraits whose general resemblance to the bust attests their genuineness, to be able to fancy the difference of the heads and faces of the two men as answering to and completing the difference of their forms and figures. On the shoulders of Shakspeare we see that well-known head and face, so difficult accurately to describe, and yet so peculiar, with its general fulness and roundness of contour, its small individual features, its high forehead made still higher in appearance by being bald almost to the crown, its rich and placid expression, and its evident predominance of tissue over bone, of passive sensibility over active energy. One fancies the complexion fair rather than dark, or at least less inclining to dark than to fair. Look, again, at Jonson. The head seems bigger, the features are larger and coarser, the brow is more gnarled and corrugated, the hair seems to cling and curl about the head with a resolution to be stiff and gray rather than fall off, and the expression is altogether surly, rugged, defiant, fierce and active, rather than passive or impressible. One could anticipate, in a general way, how the two men would conduct themselves in conversation before they opened their lips. Jonson would be dogmatic, aggressive, controversial, blustering, and rude; Shakspeare, unless his face belied him, would be sympathetic, assisting, inventive, full of matter, gentle on the whole, and yet to be roused incredi-

bly by a proper stimulus. Perhaps, however, while the two men were quiet, the bets would have been in favor of Jonson. As in the case of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the feeling, in looking at his portentous face, would be that of wonder whether any man could be so wise as that man looked: very likely, amid a company of strangers, it would be to his side of the table, and not to that where Shakspeare sat, that all eyes would be turned. But suppose the bets taken, and the combat about to begin. Lo! how big Ben, like the Spanish great galleon, heaves under way, how he rolls and swaggers, how he lays down the law very much as his ponderous namesake did afterwards in a different circle, how he laughs, and quotes, and browbeats, and utters most furious wisdom, and only leaves off when there is enough of admiration to let him fall back triumphant upon the Canary.

Shakspeare, meanwhile, has been listening to the rhinoceros with the most perfect enjoyment, and watching his face, and, whether agreeing with him or not, thinking him a most wonderful fellow in the main, and far more learned than himself. It is difficult to get Shakspeare into a controversy, but sometimes a word will be spoken on one side or the other, which leaves him no choice but to develop his own view of a subject in contradiction to Ben, or let Ben off with some roaring fallacy, and the honors of the evening on account of it. Flesh and blood, even when they are the flesh and blood of a Shakspeare, cannot stand this; so have at you, Ben, for William is roused. It is Fuller's English man-of-war getting under way. There may be a lurch or two as he leaves the harbor, but how swiftly and beautifully he floats at last out into the deep water, and once there how he masters the element! How he tacks and turns and sails round and round his antagonist, and baffles him, and bewilders him, and sends shot after shot into him faster than they can be counted. Not that Ben takes it all quietly. On the contrary, he brings all his mass to bear upon his nimble adversary, and tries to drown him at first with loudness, and throws emphasis and rage into his words, and hurls out learned quotations and allusions in the midst of his masculine and witty retorts, and even follows his adversary as well as he can into the regions of the subtle, the hyperbolical, and the sublime. In vain; for, according to his own testimony afterwards, the adversary he is engaged with is, besides all his other gifts and qualities, a man of unparalleled fluency. "I loved the man," said Ben, "and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free nature; had an excel-

lent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: '*sufflammandus erat*,' as Augustus said of Haterius." We have not the slightest doubt of it; only we suspect the stopping of him, when he was in one of his phrenzies, would not have been so easy. In short, only substitute Ben for Laertes, and Shakspeare for Hamlet, in the famous scene at Ophelia's grave, and you may construe it into a pretty fair representation of the manner in which, when Shakspeare was in a mouthing humor, a word-and-wit combat between him and Jonson was likely to end. Laertes, after standing by the grave and speaking for a time about it and his sister's death, leaps in, and concludes thus:

"Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

"*Hamlet, advancing.* What is he, whose
grief
Bears such an emphasis?—whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

(*Hamlet here leaps into the grave, and
Laertes grapples with him.*)

"*Hamlet.* I pr'y thee take thy fingers from
my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
"*King.* Pluck them asunder.

"*Queen.* Hamlet! Hamlet!

"*All.* Gentlemen?

"*Horatio.* Good my lord, be quiet.

(*The attendants part them, and they come
out of the grave.*)

"*Hamlet.* Why, I will fight with him upon
this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

"*Queen.* O my son! what theme?

"*Hamlet.* I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand
brothers

Could not, with all their quality of love,
Make up my sum. What will thou do for her?

"*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

"*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

"*Hamlet.* 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt
do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
tear thyself?

Woul't drink of Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do 't—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her and so will I:

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground

Singeing his pate against the burning zone

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 't mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

"Queen. This is mere madness :
And thus a while the fit will work on him.
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

"Hamlet. Hear you, Sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever; but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
(Exit.)"

Positively, after transcribing this passage, we cannot shake off a kind of impression that Shakspeare, when he wrote it, might have intended it to have some such second meaning in reference to his own powers of rhetoric in controversy, as we have found it. Let Ophelia's grave stand for *any theme of talk*, and then Ben may be Laertes, and Shakspeare himself may be Hamlet, and the rest may be the onlookers and commentators, and yet every word and allusion will be singularly significant.

One might prolong this contrast between Shakspeare and Jonson by following them away from the Mermaid, or any other mere circle of wit and rhetoric, into the general behavior and intercourse of life. In such a case, there would be no end to the antitheses that one could make out of a comparison of the two men. Shakspeare was prudent, and became rich; and Jonson was all his life troubled with impecuniosity. Shakspeare, though a genial companion, seems never to have pursued conviviality with anything of that appetite for it, which is apt to degenerate into sottishness. The same cannot be said of Ben. Shakspeare led a life of singular calm, and his writings are singularly devoid of any indications of his likings or dislikings, or of any allusions, eulogistic or the reverse, to his literary contemporaries. Jonson's life was one series of quarrels, and he has left the record of his personal relations to his contemporaries in satires, epigrams, laudatory poems, prefaces, dedications, and inscriptions innumerable. To write a true biography of Shakspeare, is perhaps the most difficult task of the kind that one could undertake; while Ben has almost written his own biography. One particular more, and we have done. Shakspeare, with all his power of poetic phrensy, all his occasional despondency and melancholy, and all his delight in imaginations of the ghostly and metaphysical, seem to have kept his own intellect singularly clear and healthy in its action, and never to have been in danger of confusing the real amid which he moved, with the fantastical which he created. In Jonson, on the other hand,—and this is another point of resemblance, between him and his later namesake,—there

was a touch of hypochondria. He told Drummond, that when his eldest son was dying, at a distance, he had seen a vision of him, with a bloody cross on his forehead; and he had sometimes, as he told Drummond, remained awake all night looking at his great toe, and seeing Turks and Tartars, Romans and Carthaginians, fighting round it. There is evidence occasionally, in his writings, of strong religious feelings beclouded with superstition.

The following is the character of Ben Jonson, given by Drummond, as the result of his experience of him during their intercourse at Hawthornden :

"He (Jonson) is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth;) a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him, and a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself. For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with phantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason,—a general disease in many poets."

A libel, a libel! Master Drummond, and far more discreditable to you than even your note taking! It was not so that Shakspeare thought of Ben, that Bacon thought of him, or Chapman, or Donne, or Lord Pembroke, or Lord Clarendon, or any of those greater men who had the best opportunities of knowing him, and the faculty necessary for striking a balance between the sterling good and the evil that might be associated with it. Moreover, it is only necessary to study Ben as he yet appears to us in his writings, and in the total record of what he did and said, to see that there was a fund of magnanimity in him. Jealousy of others, and the habit of showing it, may have been among his besetting sins; but we have only to read his two eulogies on Shakspeare, the one in prose, the other in verse, both written after Shakspeare was gone; or his noble tributes to Bacon in his time of disgrace, to see that after all he recognized intellect, and could do generous homage to it. Of his kindness, too, to inferior men, and of the general warmth of his affections, there are as many proofs on record as there are of his peevishness, his churlishness, and his disposition to quarrel. Then, in his various works what evidence of real and honest manhood of nature,—in his dramas, not only that strength of sense and of phrase, that wealth

of observation and humor, and that weight of learning, which all have allowed to him, but also bursts of truly great sentiment, and passages all but reaching the sublime; while, on turning to his masques and lyrics it has all the effect of a surprise, to see how far so solid a genius can go towards the opposite extreme of the exquisite, the delicate, and the fantastical, like a tame pachyderm in a garden of lilies. And yet we must not forget that Drummond's character of Ben was taken from the life, and that though as a whole it is a libel, there are particulars of truth in it. Hence, if we had time and space to go on, and to pass from a consideration of Ben's character as a man to a discussion of his peculiarities as a poet and dramatist, the interesting inquiry that would await us would be one having it for its object to explain the curious circumstance that Ben, being such a man as we have described him, should have taken up the trade of a moralist in his poetry, and should on this very point have separated from his contemporaries. That the "doctrine," or the "information of men in the true reason of living," ought to be regarded, as Ben held it should, as "the principal end of poesis," is, we believe, a heresy and an intellectual con-

fusion, the effect of which, if acted on, would be the degradation at once of poetry and of philosophy into their second-rate forms. Still the heresy is one which, in certain circumstances of society, might very well be expected to occur to men of peculiarly high and strict personal character, and to be by them earnestly promulgated in the supposed interest of virtue. But that it should have occurred to Ben, that it should have been this gross man of the taverns, this very peccant mass of humanity soaked in Canary, this ill-girt son of Fleet Street, that announced it in his age, and assailed his brother Elizabethans for not believing it, and offered himself as a martyr to the critics on account of it, may seem somewhat strange. The explanation of the apparent anomaly, and, as part of the same question, the examination of that peculiar notion of "the humors," which figured so largely in Ben's theory of dramatic art, could not, we think, be found very difficult. Our chief concern, however, throughout this article, has been with Ben as a man; and how in his case the man was sublimated into the poet, is an inquiry which the acute reader may be left to develop for himself.

A SPORTING FISH—A DEAD SHOT.—An interesting account is given in the eleventh number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief. The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height; at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become quiet, after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation, came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle round the pond. One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and, after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed. After this, another fish came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects had been devoured. The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance he remarked one of the fish return three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but, in general, they

seemed to be very expert shots, bringing down the game at the very first discharge. The jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of from five to six feet off them, and then with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.

IN HONOREM. *Songs of the Brave, Poems and Odes.*—A handsome volume studded with wood-cuts, and containing well-known poems relating to war, of somewhat varying merits. First and foremost come Campbell's "Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic," followed (in the order of merit, not of position in the volume) by "The Soldier's Dream." Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" is the next in order for martial character, with "The Night before Waterloo," from *Childe Harold*. The dirge of Collins "How sleep the Brave," and "The Soldier's return" of Burns complete the works of the dead. The living poets are Tennyson and Mackay; the Laureate furnishing "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Mackay "The Joy-bell and the Requiem."—*Spectator*.

GRATITUDE.

Reflections during a wakeful hour at midnight.

A FORM angelic courts my gaze,
Her voice celestial charms mine ear,
Her eye beams forth such genial rays,
As calm my soul, reprove my fear.
Her name is GRATITUDE, and she
Moves in her modest majesty.

When JOY, her younger sister, sings,
With tresses free and raptured eye;
She to the song her music brings,
And joins in sweetest minstrelsy.
Thus may she ever lend her tone,
For Joy should never sing alone.

And when her sister, SADNESS, breathes
In plaintive voice and minor key,
Her sweet contralto softly wreathes
Its notes of tenderest harmony.
Thus may she ever lend her tone,
For Sadness ne'er should sing alone.

But if nor Joy nor Sadness give
Their strong emotions to the air;
Each hour of life may I receive
This solace sweet for every care!
And let her eye her music bring
For Gratitude should ever sing.

BROOKLYN, May 16, 1856.

W. R. D.

THE CHAIN.

THE bond that links our souls together
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it moulder and decay
As the long hours fleet away?
Will it stretch when Time divides us,
When dark weary hours have tried us?
If it look too poor and slight
Let us break the links to-night.

It was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands,
Save thine and mine, no other eyes
The slender link can recognize:
In the bright light it seems to fade—
And it is hidden in the shade;
While Heaven or Earth have never heard,
Or solemn vow, or plighted word.

Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break;
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And if to other hearts unknown
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes save thine and mine.

And see, though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust, and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem, to bear
The breathings of the summer air,

We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour has flown
Stronger for its great burden grown.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decay to-morrow;
But though that fiery trial last
When earthly ties and bonds are past,
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our Love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by Pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again;
So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on, through joy and woe;
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or even the changing skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, Love, together!

—Household Words.

STANZAS.

I WAS a violet in a lonely shade;
And there he found me for the sunlight
pining;

A lowly woodbine; and he plucked my sweets,
And fondly placed me round his strong heart
twining;

A little star in a great heaven of blue;
And he looked up from earth, and loved my
shining.

I was a rosebud with my beauties shut;
And with love-flowers he set my leaflets swel-
ling;

A fair young dove; and in the darksome wood,
He heard my voice my plaintive sorrows tel-
ling;

A tinkling fountain in a silent dell;
And all for him my ceaseless tears were wel-
ling.

I was a dulcet-throated lark; and oft
He watched me from my level field upspring-
ing—

Straining his gaze, fearful lest I should flee
To heaven whilst in my glorious sky-path
winging;

And as I chanted in my fluttering flight,
Drank with still ears the blisses of my sing-
ing.

Still let me bloom for him a beauteous flower—
All sweetest charms of form and fragrance
blending;

A joyous bird I'll sing for his dear sake;
His guiding star I'll beam with light trans-
cending;

And in his soul with tranquil music flow,
A fount of love and rapture never-ending.

—Chambers' Journal.

I. A. C.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

GOSSIP FROM NEWPORT, R. I.

WE are by no means olicitious to explain the reasons which led us from an English home, to make a new settlement in life on a green little island in the Atlantic, which is in danger of becoming throughout its length and breadth (fifteen miles long by three miles broad) the too popular watering-place of Transatlantic fashion. Newport and its season are the favorite themes of the ephemeral-ides of American literature; you find an article upon them every month in *Harper's Magazine* or *Putnam's Monthly*. Curtis, the Howadji, sedately dancing at its butterfly balls, impales his pretty partners upon his pen, dipped in a mild solution of caustic of Thackeray. Every newspaper in summer teems with Newport correspondence, and the sound of its follies has gone out into all worlds by means of a series of papers from the ever-pointed gold pen of a son of the house of Astor. But we do not propose to lead our readers over the same ground. We sought out Newport as a residence. Its fashionable months were rather its drawback than its attraction: and we think it may be found amusing to compare the every-day experiences of a quiet family of a moderate means in the United States, with the circumstances and surroundings of a similar family at home.

The reader joins us, therefore, on board the steamboat plying nightly between New York and Fall River, carrying passengers to Boston, and landing passengers at Newport about one o'clock in the morning. Walk with us, my dear sir, through this steamer; seat yourself on one of these velvet and rose-wood chairs. You have "a correct misrepresentation" of General Pierce in tapestry at your back, and the carpet is of the brightest-colored velvet. Have you seen the damask in the ladies' cabin? Every birth is draped with a varied shade of the same pattern. The boat is new, and cost 400,000 dollars (remember to ask the cost in "these United States" of everything you see; it is a proper compliment to the owner); and the stock of the line pays thirty per cent. to every original shareholder. What extravagance! say you? Nay, it is done on principle as good economy. Tobacco-chewing barbarians from the Western States draw ornamented spit-

toons up to the damask chairs on which they sit, and respect the magnificence of the upholstery. There is very little open deck, for these boats are built only for night travelling. The saloon runs nearly the whole length of the boat, and is broken in the middle by an arrangement of plate-glass, which enables you to see down into the intestines of the ship, and watch the throbbings of the mighty pulse of her polished steel machinery.

We are rounding Point Judith. There is nothing now between us and the Cove of Cork but 3000 miles of desolate salt water. The broad Atlantic is playing pitch-and-toss with us. It has the best of it, and claims our forfeit. We have just consciousness enough to wonder whether any personal reminiscence of seasickness was in the mind of the Psalmist when, in the course of that Psalm which wonderfully describes men as going down to sea in ships, he adds, "their soul abhorreth all manner of meat: and they are even hard at death's door." It is soon over. The colored steward, with his soft, sweet, lisping negro voice, calls, "Passengers for Newport!" as the boat is rounding Fort Adams, one of the largest fortifications in the United States, built for the protection of this little-used but very magnificent harbor. The finest navy of the world could ride in safety in its waters, and enter them with any wind or tide.

We crowd down to the lower deck before the great and silent boat has glided to her wharf, and find ourselves surrounded by merchandize, in endless tiers of clean white boxes of fresh deal, and horses tied up with their heels outermost, and the deck passengers — how Irish mothers and babes have contrived to smuggle themselves into berths they have contrived amongst the rows of bails and boxes! Mixed in with them are negroes and mulattoes — second-class accommodations being especially intended for their benefit.

The captain of the boat opens the doors which have kept us closely penned like travellers waiting in a French railway-station and the passengers for Newport pour forth by the light of a few lanterns. A hand is laid upon our shoulder as we step from the gangway.

"My name is Pennifeather — what's yourn?" says a rough voice, not unkindly.

Just fresh from England, and perfect

strangers to Newport and its population, we are a little startled by this stand-and-deliver demand upon our personality.

"Really," we say, with English hesitation, "we don't know why you want our name."

"Wal, now!" says Pennifeather, putting his arms a-kimbo. "It's as *you* please, you know. Only if you was Miss Archer's relative that she's bin speerin' out for for these two weeks, and if these here is your folks and luggage, she said you was to git into my coach and let me drive you."

Inimitable doctor! Prince of all hack-drivers!—dressed in a fancy waistcoat; in warm weather seldom covered by a coat, but gay with massy chain and turquoise studs! If the doctor does not wear a coat he *always* wears his hat: paying visits in it when he comes to be paid, and sits on the best chair in your drawing-room. Honest and kindly! Good to man and beast—with a vein of Yankee humor which Haliburton would "find it pay" to spend a season here and study; the doctor is one of the originals of the little town. His veterinary practice gives him his handle to his name, but that he is modest about assuming it is proved by a series of new cards that have been printed of late:

W. C. PENNIFEATHER

(Commonly called the Doctor).

As we ride up the hill on which the town (mostly of wood) is built, passing through *Washington-square*, and past the quaint respectable old Court-house, where Washington gave audience, and where a portrait of him which claims to be authentic is now shown, let us fill up the time by giving you a few anecdotes of our coachman, which will give you a better idea than any formal description, of the state of manners in this little town. This evening, when the boat comes in from Providence, the doctor will be standing on the wharf, and hailing any of the principal inhabitants—acquaintances of our good kinswoman—whom he sees abroad, will sing out, long before she reaches her wharf,

"Mr. Smith!—Miss Partington!—Miss Archer's family is come! I driv 'em up as they stepped on shore this mornin'."

"Mr. Pennifeather, your bill is wrong,"

* It is a peculiarity of Yankees who use the vulgar tongue to say "Miss" instead of "Mrs." when speaking of a married woman.

we shall remark, on some future day of settling old scores.

"Wal—make it right yourself, then. You is folks that I can trust, and I ain't so perticular about makin' out a bill agin you. I have got to keep a pretty sharp look-out on some of the hotel folks though."

Some day, during the heat of summer, a head and a hat will be poked through the shrubbery into the window of our drawing-room with:

"Wall now—come to tell you, that you can't have that carry-all you sent for this afternoon—'cos I ain't got a hos that's fit for a gal to drive." And with a strong aroma of cigar-smoke left behind to testify the visit, the conscientious doctor draws his head out of the room.

We were telling our kinswoman of our meeting with him on the wharf, and she gave us, as we now are giving to the reader, a good many characteristic anecdotes which opened our eyes to the nature of the character we had stumbled upon. Coming one day from Providence, and seized, as usual, on the wharf by the doctor, always on the look-out for unprotected females (gentlemen and the ladies they escort he leaves to his subordinate hack-drivers), she was handed into a stage with some very unpleasant-looking people in one corner. The gentle lady endured it for some moments, and then, beckoning to the doctor, said, unwilling to hurt the feelings of the people in whose company she found herself,

"I think, as it is coming on to rain, I had rather have a closer carriage—can't you find me one?"

"I reckon I can," said Pennifeather, letting down the steps with an iron clang. "And you're about right about gittin' out o' this one; 'cos I've got to take them folks to gaol, and leave 'em there, afore I drive you home."

Our last anecdote of Pennifeather—last too in point of time, for it happened not long since—is a very characteristic one.

"Mrs. Archer says, Dr. Pennifeather," said our servant, "that the last time you sent her a carriage the driver had on an old dirty checked coat, and a Scotch cap, while the carriage and horses were handsome enough; and that she cannot drive with such a shabby-looking coachman—you must send her a better one."

"Wal, now," said the doctor, "tell Miss Archer I'll do my best. But I don't know as I've got a man that's got a black hat and a blue coat. My men ain't got no taste in dress—and that's a fact!—I often tell 'em so!"

We find ourselves standing on the porch of a small Grecian temple, built of wood, with green blinds, chimney-pots, and lightning-rods! The first notion of the American settlers in this country, when frame-houses replaced the first rough huts of logs, was to build houses warm and tight, with sloping roofs, so cunningly contrived as to prevent the snow from lodging there. It is curious to go into a New England village, and watch a taste for architecture beginning to dawn. First comes the idea of paint. "Paint costs nothing," says a wise Dutch proverb. Next, some eccentric man of wealth *invents* a house, taking some young and enterprising carpenter into his councils. No proverb is more true than that which says, "A man must build one house to learn how to build another." Our pioneer in taste, after spending much more money than he meant to do (of course), will end by being owner of a pile of wood-work, on which every ornament and invention that he or his carpenter have ever heard of will be accumulated. "My father's going to have something more upon his house than your father," said the son of one of these ambitious individuals to a schoolfellow, whose parent was attempting to rival his Chinese-Greco-Gothic-Yankee abortion.

"What is he going to put on it now? You got your cupola fixed last week," was the answer.

"Well, I don't know exactly what; but I heard father telling mother last night that it was going to have a mortgage on it."

What an admirable commentary on those happy lines by Waller!

"If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,

Of twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings;

And in you will be seen the true gentleman's fate,

Ere you've finish'd your house you'll have spent your estate."

Happily, an enterprising Yankee holds his landed property in the world of thought, and when one branch of business fails he "squate" upon some other "notion." He has the

bone and sinew which Micawber lacked, and a great back country, and "Tom Tidler's ground" in which to repair his broken fortunes; although it must be conceded that many more fortunes are lost than made in California—that Pandora's box, with which defeated Mexico revenged herself upon her conquerors.

To these original inventions generally succeeds a period of Grecian architecture. Models of the Parthenon, with cast-iron railings running round the second story, inserted half-way up the columns to be a sort of bedroom balcony. A few years pass, and a reaction against Greece takes place. The roofs have shot up into points and peaks, the windows have contracted, and every house is a fresh specimen of the order of American-Gothic, improved upon in after-supper dreams by some inventive carpenter. After this, when there is wealth, and foreign travel, and good taste, a reign of better things may be expected to begin. Stone houses come into fashion, and architects to build them are frequently employed. It is said that each man has his stingy point; his old shoes, or his candle-ends, or postage-stamps, or letter-backs, on which he likes to expend his penny wisdom. The national "stingy point" of an American is always in invention. Why cannot he build just as good a house as any architect? Why should he pay another man for "notions" when he has a head-full of his own? With stone houses comes in a taste for landscape gardening, which has been increasing on the sea-board of the United States for the last twelve or fifteen years, and the American mania for upholstery steps in to injure the fresh simplicity of many a seaside cottage, which would look as lovely in roses and white muslin as a young maiden at her first ball. Newport is dotted with handsome villas, of all sorts of tastes and kinds, each prophesying more surely than physiognomy or dress the taste and disposition of its owner. One of the most home-like is that built by Mr. Bancroft, the historian and late ambassador. It is a low, brown, inexpensive wooden house, commanding a noble view of sea and cliff, of surf and breakers, with flower-beds, on which great personal care has been bestowed, sloping down to the very edge of the ocean. The land along these cliffs has been a little California to its original proprietors. Within seven years its price has risen

from 200 dollars an acre to 3600 dollars. One cause of this influx of rich strangers is the superiority of the summer climate of Newport over that of any other on the Atlantic coast. The oppressive heats of summer rarely visit it. Its nights are always cool; its grass is always fresh; and at sunset there is always a sea-breeze upon its beaches. For this freshness it is indebted, in a great measure, to its heavy sea-fogs, which wrap the island in a veil of mist, rolling upon you dense as smoke, often without ten minutes' warning. In the night unearthly sounds will often break upon your rest: it is the steam-whistle, warning vessels coming on the coast in one of these dense fogs of the nearness of the danger. These fogs are destructive to pretty summer muslin robes and neatly starched shirt-collars, while barege becomes as stiff as crinoline, and silk-gowns creased and mottled by their clammy touch. They visit Newport chiefly during the height of summer. And while the pavements of the cities almost melt with fervent heat, Newport and its visitors are wrapped in the soft, grateful dampness of a veil of fog. The early settlers fancied that they found a resemblance in these fogs to the soft mists that shroud the Isle of Wight, and named their city "Newport," after its principal town.

To return to houses in Newport. Another peculiarity is their migratory character. That a house should continue to stand many years in the place where it was built is rarely contemplated by the proprietor. Often it is moved a mile. These operations mostly take place in spring and autumn, when almost any day some street or other will be blocked up by a tall house *in transitu*, generally with all the furniture standing inside of it; and occasions have been known of the family sleeping in their own beds every night during the journey. The stone foundation of the house is abandoned, and a new one prepared. The frame-building is loosened, lifted off, and placed on rollers. It is then worked slowly forward by a windlass, turned by an old white horse, who has assisted in the transport of hundreds of Newport houses. No size seems to arrest the emigrative propensities of these wooden buildings. A church was cut into three slices, and moved piecemeal, within the last three months; and an immense hotel, with one hundred feet of front, standing too closely upon the street for the taste of its

proprietor, was lately moved back about twenty yards!

Come down on the beaches with us, reader — the glorious beaches on whose shelving sand roller after roller of surf (often seven at a time) swells in its stately march until it breaks, scattering its silver foam. See how the opal edge of the great wave is fringed with silver light for one brief moment, ere it breaks for one long mile along the shore. We never walk along the Newport beach or on its cliffs without an echo in our heart from the picture-page of Shelley:

"I see the deeps' untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion."

How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion! It cannot be true, as we are told, that *this* verse was "written in dejection." The sweet influences of the scene that it describes must have given a temporary happiness at least to him whose heart was open to such impressions. It seems to have been written for Newport — for one of our half-hazy autumn days, when nature lies at noonday half-asleep, enjoying some bright day-dream.

The nearest beach is three-quarters of a mile from the town, and they are three in number. The first is a mile in length, the second a mile and a half. They are divided by a tongue of land, the geological features of which are said to be very curious. Here the devil, years ago, pursued a wicked soul, and left the print of his red-hot iron hoof upon the rock, on which he stamped with all his force, and a yawning chasm let him and his victim into the realm of purgatory. That chasm has never closed, and like similar ones in the Swiss glaciers, no line has ever sounded its depths, and no stone is ever heard to touch the bottom.

There are no houses built around the beach, as there would be in England, no marquee with its circulating books, and chairs for those who like to pass their morning on the sands, and watch the ebb or rising of the ocean. The reasons for this are various. Firstly, this out-door life is neither suited to an hotel belle, nor to the Marthas of

American private life, "much cumbered" with domestic occupation. In the next place, the great power of the sun would make sitting on a bench under his glare entirely impossible; and, lastly, the bathing arrangements are such that no one would desire a family view of the beach during the bathing-hours.

No bathing-machines are used, but along the beach stand rows of little shanties, each a trifle larger than a sentry-box, just capable of accommodating yourself and a colony of spiders, every variety of which may here be found. If you will go with us to the beach at 10, A. M. on a fine day in August (the height of the Newport season), you may see issuing forth from these frail tenements all the beauty and fashion of Newport, the same that floated past you last night in the ball.

"Old men and children, young men and maidens," in every variety of fancy tunic. "Women in every description of bathing dress. Old women, young women, thin women, thick women, big feet, little feet, red feet, brown feet rushing about. Carriages of all kinds. 'Fast' men, fast horses, universal confusion." Such is a description of Newport beach at bathing-time, and every visitor to Newport will bear witness to its accuracy. Young, pretty girls, dressed completely *a la* Bloomer, in scarlet, yellow, blue or orange serge, immensely full, with double, treble, and quadruple skirts, trimmed with an endless number of yards of worsted galloon, and as coquettishly put on as any cloud of tarlatan or *crepe* in which the owner danced the night before, are running with bare feet into the surf under the heads of hackmen's horses, with screams and shouts of merry laughter. Their partners of the night before escort them into the waves as they did through the mazes of the *cotillon*.

Well! *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* We may adapt to this order of the Bath the motto of the Garter. We must leave to every nation its own customs. Camels and gnats are not all of the same size in every country. Let us be thankful only that the women that belong to us are not partakers in this "promiscuous" marine entertainment (against which no Knox has ever lifted up his thunderbolts); more especially since we have been ourselves accosted by Pennifeather who wants to know if we "ain't goin' into the bath, and if we cannot find a

house,—'cos"—and he touches our elbow with a wink, and applies his right eye to a cranny in the woodwork of a bathing-box—"there is a gal in here 'most ready to come out;" and he suggests that we can take possession of her wet floor and treacherous chink so soon as her toilet is completely over. At twelve o'clock a red flag, hoisted at the end of the beach, warns women from the spot. The beach and bathing-houses are given up to bathers of the other sex; and until the dinner-hour (two o'clock) it may be considered unapproachable for ladies.

In the afternoon, when the tide serves, the beaches are covered with carriages. They are the Rotten-row of Transatlantic fashion, with almost every advantage in their favor, except liveries and coronets. Many of the carriages have four horses. Fast tandems are affected by "fast" youths driving "fast" girls in open buggies. These buggies look all wheels, and are very difficult, indeed, to turn. The horses are generally more remarkable for their 2' 40" gait than for external advantages. They belong to that breed which can go through the country so fast "that you'd think, stranger, you was goin' through a graveyard. You would n't have no idee that the stones you seen was mile-stones!"

The hotel season lasts from the middle of July to the 1st of September; after which, for ten months of the year, these vast establishments (each capable of receiving from a thousand to five hundred guests) are deserted and closed. During the season there is always an excess of from six to seven thousand persons over the indigenous population of the quaint, quiet town. On the 1st of September the boats and carriages are not enough to carry away the fashionable crowd. Greatly have their powers of endurance been taxed by ill-cooked food and scanty comforts during the continuance of the six weeks' "season." Engagements crowd upon each other. The ten-pin alleys,* bathing, *matinées dansantes*, morning visits, and charity fairs, occupy the morning hours until half-past two o'clock, which is the time for dinner; after this comes a public and very promiscuous promenade up and down the halls of the hotel, to the unheeded music of the best band in America.

* A law in Rhode Island (adopted, we believe, by most of the New England States) forbids the introduction of *nine pins*; by the device of *ten pins* it is evaded.

To this succeeds the evening drive, followed by a concert, ball, and *petit souper carré* at an eating-house kept by a Chevalier of the Emperor Faustin's Legion of Honor. Each lady must make at least four toilettes every day, elaborately (for she has to live under inspection), and this in a little whitewashed cell hardly big enough to accommodate the scanty wardrobe of a nun.

Leisure is a word of no meaning in the society of the Northern States, and had better be expunged at once from the dictionaries of Webster and Worcester. There is the same bustle, rush, and eagerness to go ahead in pleasure as in business. In both, engagements press upon you breathless, each treading on the heels of another. Americans have an expression which is in constant use among them. They talk of being "driven," to express that state in which they press on breathless through their days, and wearily drop down at night, without rest from the continual rush of occupation. "Driven" is a wise word (and Yankeeisms seldom fail to hit the bull's-eye of a thought); it conveys an idea of a state of life, whether of recreation or of business, when engagements hunt their victims, as the Camanches hunt buffalo upon a western prairie; the rushing, panting, struggling herd pressing one upon another in the race, until at last they blindly make one bound and disappear over the precipice. Less happy than the buffalo, perhaps, who break their necks, the American man (or woman) so pursued during the season at a watering-place, is at once upon his feet again, ready for another race, with business obligations to hurry him.

The cottage residents of Newport, who remain long after the fashionable Hegira, bestow considerable compassion, and a good deal of disgust, on the inmates of these large hotels. The Ocean House, with its colony, the Ocean Hall, is the most vast, and fast, and fashionable of these establishments. The following effusion, by a sufferer of an order very commonly to be found amongst its boarders, is said to have been found in the pocket of an over-coat, left unclaimed last summer when the season was over:

"OCEAN HALL.

"Comrades, leave me here a little, ere the morning comes along;
Leave me here — and when you want me, sound upon the Ocean gong.

'Tis the street — and all around me, as of old,
the fog does fall,
Looming round our human birdcage, Ocean
House and Ocean Hall.
Ocean House that in the distance overlooks the
Bathing Beach,
And Goff's avenue of shanties, that you wade
through dust to reach.
Many a night in yon peaked chamber, high up
in the roof, I've lain,
Baking, roasting, tossing, toasting, hoping day
would come again.
Many a night at hours unruly, groping up with
stumbling tread,
Have I cursed the men who'd taken all the candles
up to bed.
Up and down the entry wandered, trying where
my key would fit,
Peering in through chinks and crannies, where
I saw a candle lit.
Often where a fellow-boarder has been sunk in
brief repose,
Giving evidence of slumber by loud breathing
through his nose,
Have I slipped into his attic — twitched his
towel from the wall,
Filched his water, grabbed his table — lawful
spoil at Ocean Hall.
In the 'season' men are starving. Charity
bestows — a grin,
And decrees that every stranger who arrives be
'taken in.'
In the season hunger, darkness, heat, and noise,
are bought and sold,
In the season mud is water, air is dust, and both
are gold.
Then *her* cheek was paler, thinner, than should
be for one so young;
But she'd been at Saratoga, dancing since the
heat begun.
In the Ocean Hall I saw her (Boosey introduced
us two),
And I stammered, 'May I have — the — honor
of a dance with you?'
Standing where twelve brilliant burners had
concentrated all their rays,
In a robe of *truffled* satin, *garnie a la May-*
onnaise,
Choux-fleurs that Martelle had furnished
crowned her brow and decked her hair,
And her *corsage* (made by Steadman) had been
dressed *a la Madère*.
Boosey told me that her father (Mint, of Lamb,
Mint, Sauce, and Co.)
Had eight hundred thousand dollars — might
have more, he did n't know.
Love took up the glass of hope, and turned it in
his eager hands,
Every vision lightly shaken ran itself in golden
sands;
Love took up that book of music, where bank-
notes alone are penned,
And *crescendo* marks each movement, till a
crash winds up the end.
'Speculation' it was lettered, but the careless
world don't see,
How the 'S' has been so blotted, that the word
begins with 'P.'

Every morning at the alley, where the ten-pins
rattle down,
Did I meet her all that fortnight in an omelette-
colored gown,
Every noon upon the beaches led her in a tunic
red,
'Neath the heads of hackmen's horses, dripping
from a 'watery bed;'
Every afternoon I met her, round by Bateman's
dusty reach,
Or in Pennifeather's coaches, creeping o'er the
Second Beach;
Every evening in the ball-room whirled we spin-
ning through the throng,
Till the New York steamer's whistle ended off
the cotillon.
O! thou heartless Ann Eliza! Ann Eliza dear
no more!
O! you dreary, dreary beaches!—O! you cold
deserted shore!
Blacker than my pen can etch thee—falsar than
the notes you sung,
Wherefore cut me dead last Monday, smiling as
you passed along?
Was it right of you to cut me? Having known
me—was it fair
Thus to pass your old acquaintance with that
cursed conceited air?
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! Woman's
pleasure is man's pain.
Nature cut them out for cutting—wherefore
should a fool complain?
Belle! A ball-room flirt is justly named a *bell*
with empty head,
And a tongue that jangles duly when folks
marry or are dead.
O! to burst from belles and flirting! Will she
mind it should she find
I am married to another? Will she wish she'd
changed her mind?
I will seek some girl more handsome: there are
plenty about town.
I will take some poorer woman, with a hundred
thousand down.
I will take her out to Paris, give her gowns and
jewels rare,

Till the envious Ann Eliza tears her *bandeaux*
in despair.
Shall I seek Professor Lawton? Shall he teach
me 'hearts to win'
Through the columns of the *Herald* putting ad-
vertisements in?
What rash thing I'll do I know not, but fare-
well, thou Ocean Hall!
Not for me your band may jingle—not for me
your fancy ball.
There's another fog that's creeping from the
marsh behind the bay,
And the fog-bell in the harbor warns the steamer
on her way.
Let it fall on Ocean Hall—on Ocean Hall or
fast or slow—
Hark! I hear the steamboat's whistle—loud
they call me, and I go."

We promised at the beginning of this gos-
sip to give some account of the domestic life
of a small family; but, to employ a phrase
common among the newspaper editors of
America, all that we had to say upon that
subject has been "crowded out by fashionable
matter." If we are permitted to have
another chat with the English reader, we will
endeavor to keep the current of our talk more
nearly in its channel. We will tell him cer-
tain stories about "help," American and
Irish, a subject that forms a most important
feature in the female conversation of the com-
munity. Home-life in America is seen to
perfection in our Newport, after the season,
where society is more varied in its elements
than in the larger cities, and where no great
overshadowing local influence prevents the
growth of individual opinion, as is always the
case in more exclusive towns.

A SOLDIER'S AVERSION TO DIGGING.—The
British soldier is always ready enough with his
bayonet. If there is anything in the way of
hard fighting to be done, commend me to full
Private John Smith, as the very best man I
could get for the purpose; but when it becomes
a matter of digging and delving, and that, too,
in a dark night, when it is difficult to detect
skulkers, Private John Smith ceases to be a pa-
ragon of excellence. He dislikes the work most
cordially; added to which, he does not consider
it soldierlike; and so, whenever he can find an
opportunity of shirking it, he does so without
hesitation. I have more than once, when re-

monstrating with a defaulter on the subject, met
with some such reply as the following: "Shure,
now, I did n't 'list for this here kind o' work.
When I tuk the shillen, it was to be a sodger,
and take me senthry go, right and proper, and
use me baynet when I was tould to; but I never
dhreamt o' nothen o' this kind. Shure, one o'
the very raisins why I listed was because I hated
spade-work; and the Sargent as tuk me swore
by St. Pathrick that I should niver see a spade
agin; and yet, no sooner does I come out here,
than I gits a pick and a shovel put in me hand,
just as bad as iver it was in Ould Ireland."—
Porter's Life in the Trenches.

From Chambers' Journal.
FOUR SISTERS.

PART I.

I AM a woman some years past thirty, and unmarried; you know, therefore, to what class I belong. If I do not like the generic term, "old maid," still less am I ashamed of it, although conventionalism has attached thereto its own interpretation, often bravely belied by us. I say often — not always. An army, however valorous in the aggregate, may yet number a few skulkers and cowards; the most virtuous of communities is seldom altogether exempt from the vicious; and so some old maids love gossip, and some are vain and coquettish long after the era when those qualities are looked on indulgently by a world ever lenient to youth. Some, like Miss Bridget Sting, are mischiefmakers, and some put on severity of judgment with their first "front," and their want of charity keeps pace with the gradual departure of their good looks. Be this confessed; even they, the black sheep of the flock, should, by their very faults and bitternesses, form subject not for sarcasm and blame, but for pity.

No one ever thought me handsome — not even my mother. To be sure, she would stroke my straight tresses of pale-brown hair, and look into my very ordinary gray eyes, and murmur as if to herself: "My Ella is better than handsome." But you may take it for granted, that a "better" does not enter into a woman's ideas till the beauty of her child is found to be unmistakably mythical.

We were a plain family, I think, on the whole. My two elder sisters had but slightly the advantage of me on the score of personal attraction; but they were of gayer and lighter temperament, and, at twenty years of age had more self-possession and *aplomb* than I have ever attained to this day. They were stylish girls; tasteful in their dress, easy in their manner; they sang prettily, talked cleverly, were quick of comprehension, and apt at repartee. I remember well with what a sense of contrast, association with them used to strike me. In the mornings they chanced to spend at home, they used to be delicately clad in rustling silk, with lace-frills falling softly and fairly over white and well-cared-for hands, with chains flashing and jingling on their wrists and round their necks, and a vague but sweet and refined perfume pervading their whole presence. I, in my plain high dress of sober-colored stuff, seated in a remote corner of the room, with my books, or desk, or drawing-materials, would sometimes find my thoughts and my looks wander from even their mute and well-loved companionship, to my graceful

young-lady sisters, as they trifled away the hours in lounging over an embroidery-frame, chatting to morning visitors, or trying new songs at the piano.

Our lives were different enough, though we were children of the same parents, and dwelt under one roof. But, when a change came, it fell the hardest upon them. Severe losses in business compelled a reduction in the family expenditure. Our father, without being bankrupt, was known to be "in embarrassed circumstances;" and, I believe, a sort of black mark was straightway affixed to the name on the visiting-lists of most of our acquaintances.

My poor sisters! they drooped visibly in the absence of that fashionable glitter and radiance which forms the sunshine of London-life. In our third-rate house, with its comfortable but homely appointments, they seemed out of place and ill at ease; from that they gradually sunk into a sullen, and, truth to tell, a somewhat slovenly resignation to their altered position. Harriet was seven-and-twenty; and when she began to grow careless of her person, commenced, at that late period, to pay some attention to mental adornments. She borrowed my books, and went doggedly through a most heterogeneous course of reading, during which she took elaborate notes, in blue ink, on quires of foolscap paper. I think there must be something of the delirium of the tarantula in the contact of pen and ink. Some natures would seem to be so constituted, that if they once begin to write, they must go on till they die. From scribbling extracts and quotations, Harriet proceeded to writing with original intentions—essays, moral and didactic; narratives, domestic, romantic, or otherwise: in fact, she entered on the whole mechanical routine of authorship. Her finger-ends wore a permanent illustration of ink; her costume became, at every change, more eccentric in fashion, and more dingy in hue; her hair, ill brushed at the hasty morning toilet, was seldom re-adjusted for the rest of the day. She was finally, a thorough example of the amateur authoress.

Alicia was two years younger, and had a better complexion. It was to be noted, that at her utmost point of despondency she still curled her hair, and that her negligée was always of a becoming color. And if she was fretful and peevish in the candor and undisguise of her family circle, she was still sweetly spoken and with manners of the pleasantest in the limited society now attainable by her. Nevertheless, she was rapidly becoming cynical; and at home, her smiles invariably curved into sneers before they left her lip—when, happy chance! one of our olden acquaintances who was reputed good-

natured, and was not too idle to act up to the character, gave Alicia an invitation to accompany her to one of the German baths. Poor Alicia! How amiable she became under the influence of this brightening in her prospects. How all her old liveliness returned, almost simultaneously, as it seemed, with the donning of a new silk morning-dress, such as she had used to wear in the days of her former smiles and gay humor. Scores of times, from the midst of my quiet, unnoticed, observance of all around me, I had felt a hearty dislike and scorn of that broken-down fine lady, my sister Alicia. Her airs and graces in public, her crossness and ill-humor at home, stirred my wrath to a degree that might have become demonstrative in a less self-contained nature than my own. Hypocrisy, in all its gradations, whether in small or great matters, or in subdued or overweening proportions, was entirely and unmitigatedly my abhorrence, because *my* faults ran entirely in an opposite direction; and I, like all the young, and alas! many of the old, had no charity for vices towards which I had no leaning.

Yet my conscience stung me somewhat when Alicia departed, her face tearful and overshadowed, spite of her approaching pleasures, by the grief her really affectionate nature felt at the separation from us all.

"It is not only leaving you," I heard her say to mamma, amid sobs; "but to leave you *thus*. And to be going to enjoy myself — to live again in the old luxury and elegance — while" —

And her eyes wandered expressively over the plainly furnished room, with its curtains and carpet of economically dismal hue, and its chairs and tables strong and ugly, like all articles of the serviceable kind in England, where taste and costliness are inseparable.

I had never supposed Alicia capable of such feeling as she evinced; because her failings had been unusually apparent, I had forgotten to give her credit for possible good qualities under the surface. Verily, if charity covers a multitude of sins, prejudice covers a no less number of virtues!

A mist is over my memory of the few months following. My mother died. Mine was not an affectionate nature, in the ordinary sense of the term; my heart took but few into its depths: up to that time, my twenty-third year, I had never loved any one, *except* my mother — and she died that year.

I was ill for a long time after that. One of the first things I remember was waking from a deep sleep, and staring wonderingly at the figure of my eldest sister Harriet, who was standing at the fire, leaning over, and

stirring some preparation for me, dressed in her brown wrapper, with her fingers as usual daubed with ink, and a pen yet held between her lips. The authoress had turned nurse. And, by her side, holding some articles incidental to the cookery going forward, stood my youngest sister and pupil, her vivacious face softened down into a most strange gravity and demureness.

She was six years my junior, that child, and I had had the conduct of her education ever since she had been old enough to be put to learn anything. Observe, *put* to learn — as for learning, it seemed a matter of impossibility with her, except in eccentric and most fitful fashion, scarcely deserving the decorous name. Not the least of those cares and vexations I had for years kept carefully within my own breast, were the daily lessons to my wilful sister Grace. As usual, I had closed my eyes to all save her wilfulness and selfishness; or, at least, if I was aware that she possessed some better characteristics, I never took much notice of what, it must be owned, I seldom received any benefit from. To her elder sister and governess, her spoiled-child qualities came out in full force. There had been moments when I almost hated her.

Down crashed spoon and basin from her heedless hands, when, turning round, she beheld me with open eyes, quietly regarding her; and then she ran to me, threw her arms around me, pressed her face to mine, and cried heartily; while even Harriet's lips unclosed — dropping the pen inkily on the white bed — in a thankful ejaculation. I marvelled at their emotion; nor did I deem the mystery explained even when Grace said, with a fresh embrace — sudden, and rough, and girlish:

"The doctor said you would — you would — never get well, if you did n't amend to-day. O Ella!"

And Harriet's eyes were wet, I noticed, as she stood gazing on me.

I pondered on it all, in the abundant leisure of convalescence; and I emerged on the new life of renewed health with other, and even greater blessings renewed in me. A kind and forbearing affection I learned to entertain for all those about me; and one I took into my heart — Little Grace. "Little" I call her, from habit, or perhaps because there is something strangely endearing in the term. Actually, she was not so. I was struck with her tallness — her womanliness — when I returned home, after an absence of three months in the country, where I had been staying to get strong.

It was a happy sojourn. I made two new friends, and that friendship commenced a new era for me. I was scarcely the same woman who had for years passed sullenly, if

blamelessly, through the routine of family life, when I returned to that life, one hot September afternoon — dreariest, dustiest of seasons in London streets — with the vivid impression resting on my mind of the golden glowing calm I had left behind me.

I was *not* the same. They all recognized the change; Grace, in a remark which was but equivocally complimentary:

"I should n't have known you, Ella — you look so well. Quite pretty — or, at least, almost," she added, in a sudden access of conscientiousness.

There was no need for such a reservation in her own case. Harmony of expression, and movement, and color, did their very best, in Grace, to make amends for the want of perfect symmetry in feature which was too plainly visible in her sisters. Grace was attractive, even to a casual observer; I, who loved her, thought her lovely.

I had always regarded her as a child hitherto; but the brook had fairly expanded into the river now. She had been to her first ball; she was full of the new ideas and impressions thus given her, and she prattled them forth, for my edification, with an ingenuousness of detail thoroughly girlish. I nodded and smiled in the right places; while the chatter reached my ears in a confused murmur of "muslin, roses, fan, partners, compliments, engaged six deep, after supper, waltzing;" till at last it settled down on a name — and then came a pause — "Captain Royston."

Looking up, I saw the prettiest blush on my sister's face. I can understand now how greatly I disappointed her by turning away in silence, and stooping over an unpacked bandbox, in order to give her time to recover herself. The chatter ceased, blankly; and when I obliged myself to speak, a few minutes after, it was, I thought, on a subject at a safe distance from captains.

"It is so fair and quiet a country around Byford," said I; "I wish you could have been there. Fancy a place where there are more thrushes than men and women; and where, in the woods, the hares!"

"Was your society composed of thrushes and hares, then?" inquired Grace, with a saucy laugh. Don't wish *me* there, if it was: I'm not tired of my fellow-creatures yet. What sort of people are the Byfordians? You mentioned a Mr. and Miss Keith. Are they aborigines, or visitors?"

I did not feel angry with her flippancy; only ashamed, as I told her, quietly, and, it proved, convincingly. She came to my side with a new and sweet seriousness in her face, and played with my neck-ribbon, while she repeated her inquiry, thus:

"But are they nice people? Now, do you

tell me about Mr. Keith and his sister Ellinor — and — I'll tell you about Captain Royston."

I did not understand sufficiently to feel amused; but I was a little surprised, and hesitated in my reply long enough for her to begin with her narration; and *that* was long enough to last all the time we were alone, that day and the next, and many days succeeding. There was no occasion for my description of my friends; it was never again requested; and I, ever a better listener than talker, was not displeased thereat.

For it was a duty to the child to draw out the thoughts that else would have lain brooding in her mind; ceasing to be innocent when they ceased to be so frankly revealed. As it was, the girlish fancy, made up of gratified vanity and artless liking, that she had entertained for her first admirer, evaporated in the very talking of it; and when the hero joined his regiment, and Grace had looked her last on him, she came and nestled in my lap, saying, between laughing and crying: "He is very handsome and agreeable; but I don't care. He is gone, and I shan't have him to talk about any more." And a sigh ended it; and so closed the era of frivolous young-ladyism in my little sister.

After that, my love for her, and hers for me, grew to be one of the great blessings of my life. We were constant companions; and oftentimes whole days were spent by us two alone, except when the stated meal-times assembled the family in the common sitting-room.

It was a dull life for poor Grace, with her youthful instincts fresh and unsatisfied, and all the keener because checked by circumstances. It saddened me; it lay heavy on me to see her bright face lose its more exquisite radiance, under the shadowy influence of the gloomy London home, and the continued depression of the family atmosphere. Harriet was now always taciturn, severe, and inky; my father, tried sorely by his hard struggle with the world in his old age, was morose, and even unkind, at seasons of especial irritability.

Letters received from Alicia were full of descriptions of the gayeties of Rome, where she and her patroness were staying. Her patroness, I say; for since Alicia returned to her after a brief sojourn at home during my mother's last illness, she had avowedly taken upon herself the position of dependent on her friend Mrs. Cleveland.

One evening, our quiet family circle was astonished by the advent of a visitor. Mr. Keith came. He was in London on business. He brought me a bunch of flowers from his sister, plucked from the sunny garden I remembered very well, belonging to their house

at Byford. My father received him with a degree of courtesy and cordiality unusual to him of late years; but he had known Mr. Keith's family, it seemed; and, of course, Byford and its neighborhood and people were familiar enough to him; and he seemed pleased to converse on these topics, so long strange to his lips. Moreover, this was not one of the *young* men for whom my father entertained such a virulent and contemptuous dislike. Mr. Keith was past even a man's youth—that period which extends so indefinitely over the fifth, the sixth, or the seventh lustre of his life. Mr. Keith was nearly forty; he was thoughtful, intelligent, well informed on matters interesting to the old man of business, and could talk wisely and well on those subjects—as, indeed, he did on everything his clear brain and well-balanced mind were directed to. I had seldom seen my father so animated, so evidently well pleased; and even Harriet put away her desk, and joined in the conversation, with an occasional remark or question.

Grace, meanwhile—She wore a dress of deep, rich, ruby-colored merino, high up and jealously closed about the milkwhite throat. The throat, so pure, so slender, so pensile—like the stem of a hyacinth, and the dainty head set so fairly on it, and bent over some work she was doing. The sweet serious profile—straight brow, delicate nose, and the rippling, wavy line of the mouth. Then for color—nut-brown hair, and eyelashes so dark that the hazel eyes were almost black in their shadow; and red lips, and a flush on the cheeks such as we see sometimes on a sunset cloud. She was like that. I can only set down, prosily catalogue what I saw. If I were a painter, I could make you look on her—and love her. You could not help it: I know that quite well—I always knew it. I knew that Mr. Keith saw her—watched her: his eyes lingered about her; and once, when he spoke to her, his voice took quite a new tone, as if he had been speaking to a little child he was very tender over.

Now, I saw all this; also I saw that Grace—Grace was, somehow, not quite herself this evening. Her mouth was tremulous; the very flush on her cheek seemed to flicker, as if a light, vivid but fluctuating, were playing about it; and she kept her head so drooped, I did not once see into her eyes, till—till Mr. Keith was gone. Then I looked at her, just once, before I ran up stairs to my own room—to write letters.

Well, after that evening, Mr. Keith was rather a frequent guest at our house. He was to remain in London a month or six weeks. I used to wonder what the last week of those six would be like, and what the next, when

he was gone. I used to laugh to myself; for, you see, I *knew* very well he would n't go—he couldn't—at least until things were altered.

My sister Grace did not talk much with me at this period. We were together as usual; but the propinquity was little more than merely physical. She sat thinking, on her little stool beside the window; I sat thinking, leaning back in the great chair, in a recess of the room. I came out of my thoughts sometimes, though; and it was an odd feeling to look at her face, wherein that sunset flush was *ever* quivering. It seemed to me never to have left it since that evening. And I could feel how cold my cheek was, and how tightly strained my lips. Who would have thought us sisters? We must have looked very different.

He said so, indeed, one day. Grace had left the room for a minute; he turned to me, the look yet softening his eyes with which he had been watching her.

"You told me about your sister Grace at Byford—one day especially, when we were walking through the wood, after the rain. Do you remember?"

"Grange Wood? Perfectly."

"Yes"—in a musing, absent tone.

"But I did not think—I did not expect, from your description—I imagined something very different."

"It is difficult to describe her."

"Do you think so?" He smiled quietly, as to himself; he rose from his chair, and slowly walked to the window.

"She is not like any of you," he presently said.

"No. She is the only one who resembles my mother. The rest of us"—I grew bitter over these dividing, separating words—"have a family-likeness to each other. Harriet, Alicia, and myself, are unmistakable Gordons."

"Ah!" A long-drawn, subdued, half-sighing murmur reached my ears. Then there was a pause—till he faced me, quickly and suddenly, with the words: "Do you know that Ellinor looks forward to seeing you as her guest at Byford this summer?"

"Does she so? It is very good of her."

My coolness was all unnoticed; he was not thinking of me.

"And—do not you think it would be pleasant to *her*, as it certainly would to every one else, if your sister could be persuaded to accompany you? How she would enjoy our Sussex woods, and Ellinor's garden! I fancy I can see her running about the paths, and standing under the larch-tree upon the lawn."

Before he averted his head, I could see that his eyes were half closed, and his lip tremu-

lous, as with some sweet, but sad emotion. I did not choose to puzzle over it, or about anything that appeared to me not altogether explicable in his words or in his manner. I was about to reply with some simple, straightforward sentence; but Grace re-entered the room, and our conversation ceased.

I think it was on the occasion of his next visit to us that he first mentioned the time of his departure from London: he would be going home in the ensuing week, he said. My father spoke out his regrets with cordial candor; even Harriet volunteered to be sorry in anticipation; for me, I remarked on the beauty of the country at this season of the year—we were early in the month of April—and envied him, I said, the first breath of sweet vital spring that would welcome him from aromatic woods and dewy fields, and banks clouded with violets.

Grace said not a word; but of late, she had become habitually silent, especially in the family circle: that she was mute now, would awake no wonder in any one. I just glanced at her sufficiently to see that she was sitting self-possessed—serene, to all appearance. No doubt, Mr. Keith's eyes also were turned to that little chair beside the fire where she sat, with the work-basket lying near, and a litter of scissors and muslin, and gay-colored worsteds on her lap. Howbeit, when next he spoke, it was with reference to his hope of seeing us all at Byford in the course of the summer. A vague and deprecatory rejoinder from my father appeared to modify his liberal idea, and he then suggested the plan he had already spoken of to me.

This met with a more favorable and kindly reception. The parental eyes shone with more complacency, and he uttered a few words of acknowledgment unwontedly genial and courteous. Evidently, he inclined to the notion of his Little Grace seeing the old scenes of his boyhood; and, as it could be effected without incurring the necessity of his leaving his beloved London, there appeared no possible objection to the scheme.

I almost felt the glow that flashed up to Grace's cheek, and lightened in her eyes. I said nothing; and I do not well remember what was said by any one on the subject. I was thinking of that old house at Byford, with its quaint, ancient-fashioned garden, its sun-dial on the smooth-shaven lawn, and the long path leading between tall guelder roses, syringas, and sweet-brier, down which we used to walk at sunset-time so often. At the end of the alley a little wicket-gate led into the cornfields; and whenever I thought of "the old house at Byford," I always saw the picture of that little gate, with its sentinels at either side—two tall young larches rising

straightly—pencilled vividly against the radiance of the western sky; and beyond—the waving gold of the ripe corn sloping upwards till it seemed almost to join the quiet glory of the sunset.

But all this was of last summer; now it was necessary to think of the summer that was coming. Grace was thinking of it—thought of nothing else, I knew, all that evening—while he was there, and after he had gone. And I had been in my own room some little time, when a faint tap at the door was followed by the apparition of a slender figure, draped in white, her pretty hands holding the loose wrapper about her neck, and her rich brown hair hanging about, partially unfastened from its daytime restraint of ribbon, and net, and comb. It was a long time since she had burst in upon me in this guise—so long, that for a moment the sight of the familiar figure, entering in the old manner, smote me with a sudden feeling that something else must have altered, because it was so strange—it was so unnatural that this was as it used to be.

"Ella, I want to speak to you." The words left the tremulous lips swiftly, as if the constrained will half doubted its own power to maintain its purpose.

"Yes, dear."

Heaven knows I had no unloving, untender thought of her; yet when I had spoken, I recognized how cold was the tone, how rigid the air with which I stood looking at her, before her appealing, faltering voice rebuked me.

"Ella, O Ella! Let me come to you. Don't, don't look away!"

She clung to me; she hid her face in my lap; she took my hands and placed them about her own neck. I found myself sitting in the old, old way, leaning over her, caressing her, looking down at her, my darling, my little sister that I loved!

"Ella, I am afraid"—A long pause.

"Of what are you afraid, my child?"

"I cannot—I cannot tell you, what I came—to say."

"You need not. I will tell you."

"No."

She raised her head and looked me in the face steadily. O, such a look in my little sister's eyes! I cried out in very anguish, it was so sudden, this revelation. She grew calm, in my passion. She soothed me, kissed me, her little hands stifled the first wild sob which escaped from me. Presently I was quiet—I could sit and listen to her—and she began to speak, in a low, rapid, but decisive tone, neither of us looking at one another the while.

"After to-night, we will never speak of it again. But, Ella—sister—we—we are

not less to each other than we were? We never shall be, never can be. Tell me?"

I thought I read all her meaning. Silently I took her to my heart, and held her there, feeling she was all that was *mine* in the world—mine, mine. She could not be any other's little sister, let her be what else she would.

"Less to each other!" she went on; "O no!" Her voice fell, died into a very low murmur, just audible, nothing more. "That we are unhappy *together*, must surely bind us closer, in a dearer, tenderer sisterhood."

"What do you mean, Grace?" I cried in sudden apprehension. "Unhappy? and *together*? Child! in your happiness, mine will grow, ripen, and wax strong. Take care of those wild, vain thoughts that I can see flashing about your eyes and quivering at your mouth. They are not good, nor wise, nor"—But here, in spite of myself, some tearless sobs checked my voice for a moment.

I went on, however, while she hid her face in my breast. I spoke earnestly, vehemently, for a long time, till her agitation partially subsided, and she suffered me to raise her. She was flushed, unquiet still, I could see. After a minute's effort to maintain composure, she gave way, flung her arms round my neck, crying:

"O Ella, Ella! I am weak—I am wicked. Forgive me—forgive me. I love him so much, I *cannot* give him up."

To what self-torturing entreaties was this the passionate reply? I was silent for an instant. Before I could speak, the poor, strained little voice had burst forth again:

"I am miserable—I *must* be miserable. O, if I might only die, and be at rest!"

But before we slept that night, she had learned another prayer. And for me—I became very quiet in her passionate agitation. Everything grew clear to me. I felt sure he loved her—this little creature whose wild heart throbbed so tumultuously under the snow-folds of her robe, whose deep eyes swam in an unwonted lustre, who was thus convulsed from herself by this new, strange fate, which had fallen on her like a very avalanche.

Poor Grace! How disturbed was her sleep that night. She started up with stifled cries, and moved her arms restlessly, as if ever seeking to ward off some coming injury; and by the faint light left burning, I could watch sometimes the slow tears gather under her white eyelids, and then force themselves down the soft, pale cheek. Yet she never quite awoke, but slept on, dreamed on till nearly morning, when the unquiet, feverish symptoms left her: her face relaxed into a more natural, restful calm, and her low

breath came and went slowly and regularly, as it had been used to do always, in her ordinary happy childlike sleep.

The next day passed strangely: Grace seemed languid, or else fitfully exerted herself to appear otherwise. One thing I noticed—that her eyes avoided mine with an instinctive, tremulous shyness that it touched me to see; and when I spoke to her, her face flushed with a glow something akin to the sunset light that two or three weeks ago had first brightened that delicate, beautiful cheek.

PART II.

THAT day, and the next, and the next, went by. Mr. Keith did not come to see us; and it was a rare circumstance for three days to pass without a visit from him; besides, it was drawing near the time of his intended departure for home. Already it was Monday in the week "early in which" he had told us he should leave London.

Tuesday came. It made me feel unwontedly calm and steady to note the painful nervousness of my sister: she started at every sound; her color varied almost every minute; her hands trembled so that she could hardly guide the needle with which she was busied. It happened that it was some holiday in the city, and my father was at home that morning. After he had finished his newspaper, he was at leisure to remark appearances around him, and he fixed his clear, piercing eyes upon poor Grace, in a sudden humor of investigation, which fell rather hardly upon her.

"Why, what is the matter with you? You're not well, Grace. Ella, do you observe your sister? Is she going to faint, or have the measles, or hooping-cough?"

"No, papa: she has had both those last disorders; and the first is not in her way at all. Is it, Grace?" said I, in desperate sportiveness.

"Something is wrong, though. I think you stoop too much over that flower-working nonsense, my dear. You look moped, and as if you had not quite enough air to breathe in. I should be really glad for you to take advantage of Mr. and Miss Keith's invitation, and go for a week or two to Byford. In the mean time, put on your bonnet, and we will go in an omnibus to one of the parks, and freshen you up a little."

To such a mandate as this, resistance would have appeared impossible to either of us; besides, I was well content that she should go; and I believe she was perfectly indifferent whether she stayed at home or went abroad, sat still or walked. So, presently the two sallied forth.

Harriet was closeted in her room, finishing an "article;" so I settled myself by the

parlor-window, with a task of needle-work, from which I occasionally looked up to stare vaguely, and but little regarding what I saw, through the dingy gauze-blind, into the street. London, sometimes brilliant, often gay, and even occasionally picturesque in its aspects, is never more cheerless, never more painfully and evidently "flat, stale, and unprofitable," than on a morning when spring sunshine glorifies the heavens and gladdens the earth, and the air is thrilled with that unspeakable joyfulness of buoyant new life that is like the first awakening of the year out of its winter bondage of cold and dreariness, its first glimpse of the bright Beyond into which it is destined to live. But what do we know of the spring who dwell in cities, among streets, where endless barriers of tall buildings intercept the free sunshine, and pestiferous vapors taint the air that comes from heaven so sweet and fresh; and in a proud, wealthy metropolis, moreover, where worldliness and conventionalism are perpetual vicegerents, seeking to tyrannize over the very hearts of their subjects, and doing their utmost to stifle all thoughts that are holy, all aspirations that are noble and pure!

I was thinking thus as I looked out into the street. The pavement glared with sunshine; the dark houses rose gloomily against the sky; half the genteel families of the neighborhood were walking abroad, taking advantage of the "fine day" to go visiting or shopping. They passed under my window, in gay groups, chattering, murmuring, laughing; and the rustle of their dresses mingled with the distant street-sounds that came distinctly through the clear air—the cries of itinerant green grocers and fruit-women; and the tinkling of a bird-organ in the adjoining terrace, persistently keeping up its thin *staccato* to the rhythm of the *Lass o' Gowrie*.

I looked, and I heard, but I regarded but very little, for my thoughts were busy. My fingers mechanically moved about my work; but my eyes were bent fixedly on the window. I saw every passer-by, vaguely, and with indifference: I was as if out of the world, standing on the outer verge of what had been my life. With what a plunge I came back again! A quick light step on the pavement, a figure passing under the window, and stopping at our door. I started from my seat, and then stood still in the middle of the room, feeling for a single minute a strange kind of incredulous alarm. Then I went to meet her—Ellinor Keith.

I remember the sad look of her brown eyes, and how her mouth trembled as she came towards me. I knew she was in trouble: I thought at once that her brother was ill, and I asked her if it was not so.

"No, not ill," she said; "but a great trial has come to him. I had to bring him the news yesterday, that some one he loves dearly is dangerously, hopelessly ill, at Naples. He started at once. He bade me come and tell you before I returned home. Yes—you need not say a word; I know you feel for him—for me too."

I did not say a word.

"It is so cruelly, cruelly hard!" she went on excitedly. "It has been all along so sad for him. Her father would not let them be engaged for two years; and the two years are within a month of completion. He expected them home at the end of May. O, what a cruel May it will be for him! My brother! my brother! If I could die instead."

I felt vaguely astonished at her passion, for she was usually a reserved, calm woman; but I tried to comfort her.

"Perhaps," said I, "she is not so fatally ill; perhaps she will not die."

"It is too slender a chance to hang by. She is ill of a malignant fever. If she is alive when he reaches her, it will be more than he dares hope."

"Of a malignant fever," I repeated.

"Even I cannot think of *his* safety just now; I cannot look forward; only, if he is ill, I shall go to him. He is all I have in the world, Ella."

"I know," said I; and I stood straight and silent, while she leaned her head down in her two hands, and sobbed strong, convulsive sobs. When these ceased, she rose up, took my hands, called me her dear friend, said it had comforted her to tell me all her grief; then, suddenly, she asked:

"Where is Little Grace?"

I drew my hands away—ran to the window—and looked out.

"I expect her home soon; she is not well: she has gone out with my father for fresh air."

"Ay, you were both coming down to us, Gerard told me. He told me a great deal of Grace: you know, she is so like his Lillian."

"Is she?"

"He says he loved looking at her, and watching her; she was in her childish ways, so like"—

I don't know what I replied: my heart swelled, rebellious and bitter, and I had strongly to restrain the passionate reproach that was bursting for utterance. Ellinor said but little more, and then bade me good-bye: she never noticed any difference in my manner, it was such a quiet manner always. Just as she left the door, something she said touched me, and I kissed her hastily, almost ashamed; she lingered to say a few words:

"Thanks, Ella. I know you love us both; and you, who know what sister-love is, may guess something of its pains, too."

Ay. It was true. I shut the door upon her, and went back into the room, to sit still and think, and try and get my thoughts quiet and in order, before — before I should see Grace.

I have thought sometimes that the power of suffering is, after all, limited, and its measure apportioned. "So far shalt thou feel, and no further," may be a divine ordinance; and often this uttermost power is taxed as much for a mere bruise, as for the wound that never heals, and that drains the source of life itself.

The week that followed that wild, weird spring-morning, was not, I think, more full of pain than many had been before it. I do not remember details, but I retain an impression of my little sister during that time — the pitiful efforts she made to move about the house, and look, and talk, and laugh — more than was natural to her. And, for the rest, all was dim; and there was no silence in my ears day or night; and outside the house, the sunshine glared hotly, and a feverish stupor seemed in the air.

Then came a letter from Ellinor Keith. Lilian was better, but he lay ill with the fever at Naples, whither his sister was on her way to join him.

All this time, Grace kept up in health and in all externals in a manner that to me, knowing her as I did, was marvellous. Only when we were alone, the seemings slipped off for a while; and she would pass many hours in unmovable silence, all her faculties seeming in a state almost of collapse. She hardly seemed to think or to feel at all; and she sat with her eyes never lifted from her lap, and her face quite marble in its expressionless repose. I could not solve the mystery of my sister's mind, then; I could only watch in a sort of dim anxiety, that was very hard to bear; but I kept strong, and well, and vigorous. It was a great mercy; though — may Heaven forgive me! — I did not feel it to be so in those heavy, dreadful days.

It was on one of those days that a packet arrived from Naples. It was directed to my father, in Mr. Keith's handwriting, and contained, besides his own letter to him, one to me, from Ellinor. The purport of both was to beg that we would take possession of their house at Byford for as long as we liked, as they would probably remain abroad for a year to come. Ellinor, in her note to me, said that her brother was quite himself again; but Lilian — they feared the fever had left behind it a yet more insidious, fatal enemy. "It is too cruel a thought

to speak of," she wrote; "and I do not think he suspects yet, or he could not be so bright and hopeful as he is. You cannot imagine his love for her, Ella: you would hardly believe it or understand."

I crushed the letter. It was not till afterwards that I had time to feel dismayed at the new turn events seemed to be taking. My father strongly inclined to accept the offer of the house at Byford for the time they were to remain away. My faint remonstrance seemed only to confirm his desire; and two evenings after, he asked me if we would be ready to travel the following week. Thus it was settled we were to go.

When I told Grace, she seemed to revive strangely at the idea, and she said she was glad. She liked the idea of living there, and seeing the places she had heard me speak of so often.

And so, one day in mid-June, our household left the drear London square; and that chapter of life was closed up forever.

Yes, that chapter of life was ended, for me: the throes of passionate feeling, the spasms of sentimental affliction had been suffered and endured, and the pitiful memory of them was all that remained. Existence grew too busy to permit much recurrence to them. Troubles came thick and fast; actual tangible difficulties had to be fought; and the warfare of the soul, the distresses of the heart, became, or I thought they became, of very secondary importance.

I was mistaken — they only slept, they did not die; yet in their sleep they lost much of their distinctive individuality. They awoke, not less real, but less monstrous. They took their fitting place; they assumed their actual proportions. I could recognize the truth, that even a woman, loving, clinging, parasitical as is her nature, possesses other faculties besides her affections, and other sentient, vital capacities of suffering, besides a heart. I think men and women might with advantage take a lesson from each other. Men cultivate their hearts too little, and, sometimes, their heads too much — an error no one can charge upon us. Let us exchange to some degree: let women think — and men permit themselves to feel more than they are used to do. Why ignore any part of the being God created? Can we not see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, at one and the same time, and with no detriment to either sense? Verily, though I am a woman, I was meant to live my life not with one side of my nature alone. Love is sweet, love is divine; but so is life — the life God gave me, places before me, and watches over.

I have said thus to myself many scores of times during the years that have passed since our settlement at Byford. I faced fate almost

defiantly at first; afterwards, my courage grew calmer and more true.

We had been in the country about six weeks only, when the mercantile house in which my father held a responsible post failed; and all that he had saved went in the general wreck. It was such a blow to the old man, that his health sunk under it; and it soon became evident that he would never be able to undertake a similar situation. When his physical strength in some measure returned to him, we found that his mind was sadly enfeebled, his memory defective, his former acuteness and shrewd foresight wholly gone. He would never be his olden self again; he could never work for his children more: they must now take care of him.

We considered our position, and made resolves for the future bravely.

"I shall write—I shall make money by my writings," said Harriet. "Hitherto, I have been content with fame—but now"—

And for years, she persisted in the idea, that whenever she chose to exert herself to find a liberal and enterprising publisher, competence, if not affluence, was within her grasp. But none of my sister Harriet's works were ever published, except two or three "light articles," which found a home in a fashion-book, a presentation copy of which formed the author's remuneration.

However, fortunately, we needed not to hang on literature as our sole means of support: each of us had a small sum of money yearly secured to us, which in our prosperous days had been our pocket-money; now, joined together, it would at least insure us from starvation. We wrote to Alicia, telling her that, now circumstances had so changed with us, it seemed right that we should all draw close together, and help one another. Her answer came, after some delay; she pleaded many and reasonable arguments why it was wisest and best for her to remain in her position of gorgeous dependence with the rich Mrs. Cleveland. Every possible reason, in fact, she adduced and brought forward, except the most obvious and probable—her own wish, which she evidently tried to persuade herself did not exist. Poor Alicia! she was not selfish enough not to be ashamed of her selfishness.

In the infancy of our plans, arrived a letter from Ellinor Keith. She had just heard of our trouble; and she wrote, saying that her brother had resolved not to return to Byford; and that it would be a relief and comfort to them to think we had their old house. Would we rent it of them? And she named the amount of rent, which was small, as in most country places. But then it was furnished; and she had anticipated

any possible objection, by begging me to suffer it to remain so till they returned to England, and could make some arrangement about it. All she said was full of thoughtful sweetness, of considerate, sympathizing affection; and in certain touches here and there, I could trace where her brother's clear head and vigorous judgment had been employed in our behalf. Also a few lines were added in his handwriting to the end of Ellinor's letter—a few lines—golden lines—words so good, of such warm, vital friendship, that my heart glowed and basked in a sense of satisfied pride, that for a moment almost transformed me. I comprehended the delicate kindness; and it was with the pleasantest feeling I had had for many a day, that I sat down to answer Ellinor's offer—to accept it. It was almost happiness to feel I could love them both again, they were so good.

And so we were settled at Byford, and the new life began. It was difficult, at first, to know—what, nevertheless, it was necessary at once to decide—the means by which we were to add to our scanty income sufficiently to enable us to support our father in some degree of the comfort he had been accustomed to. But we were especially fortunate, and a way was soon indicated; and so it came to pass that Grace and I kept a school.

It was on a very small scale at first; the widowed lord of the manor, going abroad for his health, left his two young daughters in our care; and from this introduction—it need not be said whose careful friendship first suggested it—came gradually many other pupils.

In all this change, things came easier to me than to Grace—there was so much for me to do. Activity well suited my temperament, and difficulty was a sort of mental food I found as pleasant as it was wholesome; moreover, I did not distrust myself so much as I had expected, after the first week or two. My patience failed me no more than my determination, and I felt a certain pride in discovering my power over my own nature. Passionate, impetuous, yet gloomily reticent of both passion and impulse; these were the predominant and unpromising characteristics of what was to be made into a teacher and companion of girl-children—girl-children! most sacred and beautiful of this world's denizens.

I think it was this sudden and intimate contact with child-nature that worked so salutary an effect upon my own. These two little girls of six and eight years old, were not more, doubtless, than other children, fair, and simple, and true. But it was sufficient for me that they were not less. Their presence, their innocent companion-

ship, their talk, their laughter, and their tears, were all helps and safeguards to me against the more mutinous and turbulent portion of myself. And by and by came the greatest help of all — their love — the sweet, unthought-of, spontaneous, unreasoning love which a child, and only a child, can give. I believe that not till I open my eyes in heaven, shall I ever again know the exquisite feeling I had when little Rosamond one day flung her arms round my neck, and looking into my eyes, before she pressed her soft face to mine, lisped out: "I do love you — so!"

For my poor Grace, meanwhile, it was much harder, sorer work, because she had not so much doing, and had more leisure for thinking and feeling. Moreover, love came to her so simply as a thing of course: people, grown people, and little children, loved her as they loved flowers and sunshine, and all blessed, beautiful things — because they could not help it. Love came to her, not as an added gift, but as a necessary accompaniment to the mere fact of being. Rosamond and Mary had always gone to her with their caresses and glad prattle, as naturally as they might to a rose-tree or to a singing-bird; yet to her their love brought no comfort; it seemed, indeed, as if she scarcely recognized it. She would smile to them, talk to them, fold them in her arms and kiss them, and then put them away, and turn aside to her solitary musings, or the forced perusal of her book — forgetful, I could see, of everything in the wide universe, except the fact that she was most miserable.

I found it very hard to note, day by day, that she grew thinner, and paler, and weaker — that her voice altered in its tone, and became almost sharp — that her smile was no longer sweet, girlish, winning, as of old, but forced, and sometimes bitter; and gradually she grew hasty in her ways, and fretful in her temper — was often sarcastic to poor, unconscious Harriet, and to the old invalid father — alas, Grace! — even to him not so dutifully patient as she should have been.

At length I remonstrated — I would tell her she was wrong — I would be heard. I waylaid her in her favorite walk at the end of the garden, and caught in mine the hand with which she tried, in her new, haughty fashion, to wave me away.

"Grace, my child, you must listen to me for a little while."

"I shall not; I am busy. I have matters of my own to think about. Go back to your school-children, Ella. Is there not interest enough for you in them?"

"Perhaps, if other interests were not dearer. But at present they have gone into

the village with my father. You would not go with him, he told me."

"I wished to be alone. It is a strange thing," she went on, with a bitter laugh, "that the more humble the desire, the less chance there seems to be of attaining it. I have absolutely cut down, remorselessly crushed out, every single wish, every hope, every longing, except one — to be let alone; and you won't leave me that."

"No, I will not leave you that," I said sadly. I still held her hand, in spite of her restless efforts to get free. "O, Grace — O, my Little Grace!" I cried at length, in the uttermost entreaty of my heart. It touched hers, I could see, by the instantaneous quiver I felt pass through her, and by the sudden swerve of her long neck. How almost painfully slender it had grown to look, now that it had lost its graceful habitual droop!

"I can bear to know you unhappy — to see you suffer," I went on, "and to stand by powerless to help or to heal. But to see you altering from my innocent sister — to see you doing wrong, feeling wrongly — O, Grace! it is too hard, too hard, and I cry out against it."

She answered never a word.

"Everything else has its comfort; *this* last, sorest, bitterest grief has none. Don't crush me with it, Grace. Look up at me with the old look in your eyes; lean your head on my shoulder in the dear old way. Grace! Grace! have pity on yourself — have mercy on me!"

"How can I?" she uttered in a hard, constrained voice. "What is it you are asking me, do you know? What am I to do? What is there left for me to do? I cannot go back, and be a child or a girl again; I cannot unlearn what I have learned. Such as I am, my fate has made me. So let it be."

"So it shall not be!" I cried desperately. "You shall conquer and not be conquered. What you call fate is only circumstance."

"Only," she repeated: "that *only* has shaped all my life to come, until I die, and perhaps afterwards. I should be wicked, if I had opportunity," she went on excitedly, and looking down my beseeching gaze with her glittering defiant eyes; "but in this quiet place, I can only think my evil, and not act it."

"Grace! what are you saying?"

"Do I frighten you?" She laughed as if well pleased. "I will let you see more, then, into your sister's heart, since you care to know it."

"Are you sure you know it?"

"I think so, truly. I have had much companionship with it of late. Ella! I will call

wrong, wrong, and I will face my misery as misery. At least I will be no hypocrite. I will *not* bow down my head, and say: "It is best—I am content." I will not wear the look of meek resignation, with hot rebellion flaming within me all the while. I dare to complain—to cry out. I am wretched, wretched, and from no fault of mine! I have been wronged of heaven and of man! I would like to revenge myself on both."

I silenced her quivering lips with my hand.

"O, hush! Under this evening sky, to say such words. Grace! if our mother hears!"—

"My mother—O, my mother!" And there the poor half-delirious child sank down, and her head fell heavily upon my lap. Still the unnatural vitality of excitement gave her strength. I tried to hold her close to me, to keep her there; but she broke away, saying bitterly:

"Why did you bring *her* name here? Let me go—O, let me go! You cannot help me; you can only torture with your looks and your words. If I could but have died, and gone to my mother, before I felt like this? Now, it is too late. I shall never, never be fit to see her face again."

"Grace! you will—you shall."

"You don't know what I am: you cannot guess."

"I can. By the most intimate right, I *know*. My poor child, you think, as I thought, as thousands of others have thought, that what you feel has never been felt before, will never be suffered again. It is so with all extremes, I suppose. I remember, when I was very happy, once, I thought the same."

I paused an instant. The allusion to that past happiness was a perilous one; my heart leaped, and sank back with a cold dead plunge; but I caught the fitting look on my sister's face, and I breathed in courage for myself, and hope for her, and went on:

"I, too, have been very miserable; I, too, have thought that my misery was more than I could bear—that it was unjustly visited upon me; and that the wickedness it prompted within me was natural, inevitable—the human remonstrance against divine injury. Grace! I believed all this. I was as miserable as you are now; wicked feelings stirred within me as in you; I felt an alien in the world—this poor world that people call so bad. Every beautiful thing I saw or heard, struck discord upon my heart which was so estranged from all beauty and all love. I was so far from God, that I thought His voice could never reach me more. I rebelled, first, and then I despaired."

"You despaired. You might well despair!" she cried impetuously. "What hope is there for us, unless we grow to be in love with pain, and find in endurance that which others find in sunshine and fresh air? Ella, we may well despair."

"Not to hope, is to blaspheme the living God. Grace! it was that which was wrong with me; it is that which now nearly maddens you. I see it looking out of your eyes; I hear it in every tone of your voice. Grace! in this world, there is sorrow most sad—pain most keen—anguish most bitter; but misery—no creature need know misery till its Creator's face is hidden from its blinded eyes, and it dares to doubt, to deny His mercy and His love. There is no misery in the wide world but that dread, unnatural enmity. O, come from it—cast it off—and be again a little child at the feet of your Father!"

And I ceased, for the thick sobs would no longer be pressed back. Tears never came easily to me, as to most women, but in a very passion—a storm that exhausted even while it relieved.

For a long time, while it lasted, Grace never turned her head, never moved; but at length, at length there was a swift gesture, a sharp cry, and my little sister hung about my neck. O, the soft rain of tears that fell then over her pale face and long tresses of brown hair—the tender words I whispered over her—the old pet names I remembered to call her by! And then, half-frightened at the listless way in which her head drooped on her breast, and her cold arms clung round my neck, I lifted her from the ground, and fairly bore her into the house.

CONCLUSION.

SHE did not walk again for many weeks. I suppose that afternoon's crisis of excitement hurried on the approach of the terrible fever that now bore her down so remorselessly. For some days she was held to be on the verge of death, and I counted her as already gone from me. Sometimes she lay on her little white bed, so quiet and so purely pale, motionless and ineffably calm, as if indeed her spirit already hovered above her mortality, and cast its shadow of light upon it.

But she recovered—very slowly, very gradually at first; so that for many days, even weeks, she was helpless as an infant, and had to be watched and tended like one. Like as to an infant the new life seemed to gather upon her at last, hour by hour—the long dormant faculties bestirred themselves again, and the struggling intelligence leaped up like a flame new kindled in purer air.

All things seemed to come to her newly;

and she regarded them, thought of them, talked of them, with the freshness and vividness of utter inexperience, with more depth of feeling than childhood, but with no more apparent reticence of thought. Frankly, freely, she felt delight in things beautiful—enjoyment of things pleasant. Her faculty of sensation was like a child's, as easily touched and aroused, both to pleasure and pain. The clear blue of the sky, the ripples on the water, the glancing pebbles at the bottom of the little stream, the hum of insects, the chirp of birds, the color of flowers—all such things as these, seemed to fall upon her alert senses with an intensity of impression not easy for more blunted apprehensions to understand. As motes float clearly visible in pure light, so the myriad atoms of beauty and blessedness that hang unseen by most eyes about every thought of God that speaks in nature, were perceived by her, gladdened her eyes, and were precious to her heart.

In the latter days of convalescence, we used to take her sofa into the garden, and establish her for hours together under the thick shadow of a group of trees. From thence she saw the whole of the little domain; and the tricky rivulet that intersected it, had formed to itself a kind of nest close by, where, its banks thickly overgrown with hawthorn and maple, and wreathed with briony, it fell with a cool splash into a somewhat deep pool.

How she loved to watch that little stream, and listen to its song! The tree-boughs waved over it, and the sunshine sparkled in between; and there was always some new change to mark, of sight or of sound, the sunny August day through. Moreover, the trees that shadowed her were beautiful and eloquent to eyes and ears—dark fir, tremulous poplar, and gracious fair-growing beech. Through the diverse foliage glanced the sunlight, and chanted the wind—solemnly, mysteriously, sweetly, to the fragile little figure that lay so quiet, yet so full of eager, receptive life, beneath them.

I could not rest unless I was near her; and so I brought my pupils and their books to the great walnut-tree by the wicket that led into the cornfield, whence I could see her, though she could neither see us nor hear our voices. So passed many a glowing August day in that cool, green shadow, with the constant flowing of the water for its music, and the broad landscape, radiant in noon-sunshine or purple in evening mist, stretched out beyond the peaceful foreground of the ordered garden, with its smooth lawn, and the adjacent meadows where the cattle grazed.

Most of his time, my father spent in fish-

ing higher up the stream. He would return at evening; and we all went into the house together, there to find Harriet resting from her day's "work," and ready to take her carefully claimed post of head of the tea-table.

It was a placid time for all of us, I think; for some of us, a time of more than peace—of learning from divine teaching, of yielding to divine influences.

An event broke on the even current of these days: a letter came from Alicia, announcing—her approaching marriage. We were all very much surprised, for it was a "good" marriage, in more than the worldly sense of the term; the husband-elect being a physician residing at Baden, whom we had formerly known in London, and whom we knew to be both worthy and talented.

"But, at least old enough to be her father," Harriet observed; "and ugly beyond the privilege even of men." A passing bitterness, which relieved her mind, I thought. Poor Harriet! she was but human; and Alicia was two years her junior.

The bride invited us all to the wedding, and, indeed, evidently depended on our coming; for her cordial invitations were intermingled with numerous commissions, and a long list of articles to be obtained for her in London, and conveyed by us. Of course, the proposition could not be considered: the expense and difficulty of the journey, Grace's state of health, all made it impossible, we agreed at once; and I felt a certain remorseful pang that no deeper feelings made the impossibility of the plan very painful or disappointing to any of us. I was astonished by Harriet's sudden swerve from indifference to profound sisterly interest, the morning after the receipt of the letter.

"It is hardly right that poor Alicia should be entirely unsupported by any member of her family, on such an occasion. It is true, that you and my father are effectually detained in England, but I don't see any impediment to *my* going; I should like to go."

Briefly, she *did* go; and one day in late September, we received at one and the same the tidings of her safe arrival, and the happy solemnization of Alicia's marriage. I was not surprised also to see already hinted at, the plan which soon became a settled thing—that Harriet was to occupy her sister's evacuated post of companion to Mrs. Cleveland; but Grace was astonished, and rather perplexed.

"How were Harriet's peculiar idiosyncracies, her independence, her resolute habit of ignoring the small courtesies of life, to be accommodated to such a position as that she had taken?"

"Dear, I think she is tired of this quiet

life," I answered; and I felt a thrill of happiness pass through my mind, as I recognized my own content in that life; and, looking up, saw Grace's sweet, serene face. We were slowly sauntering through Byford wood, for Grace was strong enough now to walk a little every day. I went on with my attempted explanation: "Harriet would like change, excitement, society. They are wonderful words—like trumpet-notes to minds in certain phases."

"Yes," said my sister softly; "I remember when they were that to me. Ella, we were talking just now of the changes in nature; do you think they are so marvellous as the changes we can recognize in ourselves? Do you think the growth of a tree from a seed, a butterfly from a caterpillar, is so mysterious, so inscrutable, as the way in which *we* alter and progress, till we can look back on the self of a year ago, and say, surprised: 'Was that *me*?'"

"Do you feel it so, little one?" I said to myself musingly. I was conscious of no similar marvel. The self of a year ago, though it was altered now, was yet no stranger to me; I knew the poor troubled thing well; and I felt it was the same passionate spirit, with the same capacity of suffering, that yet dwelt within me, though something else was there beside it. Nothing was taken away, but much had been added. But with Grace, I had long suspected it was otherwise. The storm which had cleared the atmosphere in her soul, had also torn down, and swept away a great deal that in a harder, sterner nature, once living there, had lived forever, even though all peace depended on its eradication.

Yes, the child *was* changed. I looked into her eyes, and felt grateful, almost to tearfulness; for I knew the very principle of her being so tender, delicate, and sensitive—denied to her the power of endurance of suffering, to which some stronger, yet not deeper natures attain. She must root out the arrow, at any cost; she could not live while it rankled in her heart. I knew it, I could even dimly understand it, though it looked almost like miracle to me.

How pleasant the wood was that day! There was a softness in the air, that felt as the warm amber-clouds looked—generous, and tender, and gracious, as only in early autumn-days do clouds and air look and feel. The ripening nuts hung thickly upon the hazel boughs; and briony and nightshade, in graceful tangle, half-veiled the hedges; and ivy, and wood-sorrel, and emerald moss, had overgrown the old trunks of the trees that had been felled the year before. On one of these we sat. It was a favorite seat with Grace. The ground sloped upwards,

and from thence we looked down on Byford Valley—a scene smiling and luxuriant as ever inspired pastorals. Byford manor-house, with its quaint gables, and its rich, red coloring, stood near, on the other side of the slope—its grounds almost joining the wood at one point. As we sat, indeed, we could distinctly see the figures of the two children, Rosamond and Mary, with their two elder companions, emerging from the shrubbery-gate into the great field—too unostentatious to be called a park—that surrounded the house and gardens.

"They are coming this way," said I—"the children, and my father, and Mr. Eustace."

For I forgot to say that the younger brother of Mr. Thorpe had been spending part of his college vacation at the manor-house. He had been there about a fortnight on this particular day, and we had seen him often, and liked him much, as we could hardly fail to do—he was at once so good and so talented; so boyish in his liveliness and eager energy, so manly in his chivalric sympathies and ambitions.

Yet, somehow, on this especial day of all days, I took note of Eustace Thorpe, and of his standing with us. Quiet as was our way of life, and limited our society, such a new element in the one, and addition to the other, ought to have impressed me more strongly before; but it had not. He glided naturally into the way of things; and he was so mere a boy to me, who hardly deigned to date manhood from an earlier age than thirty-five, that the fact of his being more than a boy, the children's playmate, and our continual, and welcome, and very enlivening visitor, had in a sort passed me by.

Why a new intelligence should strike me on this soft autumn afternoon, for the first time, is more than I can tell. I only know that it did so, while I watched the group slowly approaching, the children fluttering about, and their light laugh often ringing on the air. The old man toiled on, and sometimes paused to look round, and enjoy the scene, as well as to rest; and for the young man, his tall, lithe figure was to be seen now chasing or being chased by the children, now stooping in eager investigation of the ground in the cause of botany; and anon, he drew my father's arm in his, and carefully helped him up the ascent, his head bent towards him, the black hair tossed about his face.

"What a pleasant face he has!" I said impulsively.

Grace did not answer, till I looked round at her, and then she said very quickly:

"Very pleasant," and was silent again. So was I, as I resumed my watch. Nearer

they came, and nearer : we could hear what they were saying.

"Let us go to the little copse," cried Mary, "and gather dewberries. Will you, Eustace?"

"Anywhere you will, if Mr. Gordon is not tired."

"But," interposed Rosamond, "I think Ella and Grace were going to the wood ; and perhaps we might meet them."

At which words, the young man swerved from his course, as if by inevitable instinct, and hurried his pace also, until a second thought reminded him of his less active companion. Then he moderated to a walk again ; but I could see something beyond the fleet eagerness of wings in the flash of his eyes, the impetuous toss back of the hair from his brow.

O Eustace, Eustace ! And O, my little sister, that sat so quietly beside me !

At first, I thought my sister would be left to me for some time yet, they were both so young ; but I found I was mistaken. Eustace had his mother's fortune, an ample, though not a large one ; and his brother, the only one who had a right to interfere, cordially approved of his early marriage. In the face of this, and of Eustace's earnest pleadings, we had no right to resist. So, in the spring, I saw my little Grace become a wife ; and watched the carriage drive along the winding road on its way to the seaport whence they were to embark for Italy. It happened, strangely and solemnly, that on that very evening, while the two children were about my knees, listening to a story I was telling them—a letter was brought to me—a black-edged letter—in Ellinor Keith's handwriting.

I had the instinctive wit to send Rosamond and Mary from me on some errand.

"And you will tell us what became of Una afterwards, won't you?"

"And all about the good lion?"

"Yes, yes ! Run quickly !"

They ran, singing the while. I watched them stop to pick up something from the path, and they called to me that it was a butterfly just burst from the chrysalis, and too weak to fly. Then they bore it carefully into the house ; and I mutely called on God to help me, for I thought I was going to read that Gerard Keith was dead. For that brief five minutes that I sat with the unopened letter lying on my lap, all the old pain and bitterness came back anew. The sharp chilliness of the April evening wind seemed to smite me, as of old ; the gray clouds looked drear and blank, as of old ; all nature looked sullen, silent, cold, until out of my own silence grew the prayer that

softened all things, and spread like a warm odor over my heart.

Then I opened the letter, and read these lines :

"MY DEAR ELLA,—My dear friend, Ella, I write you one line before we leave this place. We laid Lillian in her grave three days ago. My brother is well, and all himself in his strong resolve to bear and to be patient. We purpose travelling for the next few months. We think and speak of you often. Good-bye. Your affectionate
ELLINOR KEITH."

O, what sorrowful, remorseful anguish of yearning found vent in the passionate tears I wept when I had read, and could take in the whole meaning of what I read !

He lived, and thanksgiving flooded my soul for that one bare fact, that one blessing that yet I felt it was all selfish in me to feel so grateful for. But he lived a life of which I could well fathom the story. Well I knew how long a time must pass, how great a change must come, before the world that had lost its sunshine would regain its light.

But he lived ; and I wept those passionate tears as much in gratitude for myself as in prayer for him—prayer that every moment became more piteously supplicating, more forlornly longing. To love, and to be impotent to help, was this to be my fate evermore ?

Yet even to this grief came solace ; even upon this pain, time came softly and brought peace. I had other letters from Ellinor, telling me how calmly, how beautifully the life flowed on that had been so bereft. Her brother was no idle sojourner in a strange land ; he made to himself duties, he set to himself worthy work wherever he abode. Into the dark, unvisited corners of those bright Italian cities, he penetrated, to help the poor, teach the ignorant, succor the ailing. And not only from her did I hear of him. It smote me with a strange feeling when I saw in one of Grace's letters to me, the name, *his* name written so clearly and fairly. In passing through one of the smaller Italian towns, Eustace had met Mr. Keith, with whom, as his brother's friend, he was acquainted. Grace was not with him, and he did not go to see her—I could well guess why. Simply, my sister wrote :

"He looks much older, my husband says, and rather pale and worn ; but still so calm and quiet, and serene, as we might know he would look. Ella, Eustace says it is good to reverence him, he is so good, so noble ; and, indeed, I feel it so—I felt it so, when, long since, in the early days of our love, I told Eustace all the story of my past girl, hood."

O happy Grace! How sunny must have been those days, spent in wandering through that sunny land! love around her and beside her, and her heart garnering all its treasures, from whence had been weeded everything that could poison or wound.

While he passed on his way, his faithful sister with him; and the shadow ever on his heart, but Heaven's divinest light resting upon his brow.

And I, in his old home, where I had first known him, first loved him, and dreamed of happiness—where the morning light on the sloping woods ever looked to me as when I first looked on them—and then into his face, to see the radiance *there*—and where the twilight purples brought him before my eyes, the while that my heart ached for tidings of him, for the mere knowledge of where he was; and my whole spirit was moved within me, and called out in very helplessness of yearning:

"O God! in some one of thy worlds, wilt thou not let me see his face again!"

Verily, Divine ways are beyond our ken, and the inequalities of human fate are mysterious to our finite vision. When, one day, our eyes shall be opened, and we see clearly, will not great pangs of remorse reach to our hearts as we stand before God, and, looking back on the rebellious past, remember how often, in the presumption of misery, we have wronged His justice, and doubted His love?

Years have passed by since the convulsive sick pain of those few weeks after Grace's marriage rent anew the spirit that was so fierce in its suffering, so weak, alas! in its resolves. What has been the history of those years, may be read, I think, in the fair record of the days that pass by *now*, so quietly, so placidly. In tendance of my father, the old man, so happy in his simple pleasures, in his garden, or fishing in the stream; or rambling with the children through the woods and fields; and in teaching my Rosamond and Mary, and in learning from them, and in finding new interests among our poorer neighbors—truly, the time passes with no laggard step.

My two elder sisters remain abroad; both seem to be satisfied, each in her own way.

I hear often from Ellinor. They are still wandering. Sometimes they make a home for some months in some little-known nook in Italy, or France, or Germany; but more recently, they have been travelling, so that sometimes I do not know their whereabouts for weeks together. But I know they are well, and brave, and content; and I know that they will one day return to see their old home. He has said that he will; and I have faithful trust that he will come before I die.

Eustace is growing a noted man now. He takes a busy and a leading part in this busy world. He and Grace have their home near London, but every summer they come with their children to the old manor-house, and we have happy days. Then do the woods become haunted with glancing feet, and uplift faces, with the golden curls all tangled and straying, and childish voices and girlish laughter echo back the music of the soft wind and the low songs of birds.

While Grace and I, demurely seated in our old and unforgotten seat in the wood, watch our children, and talk pleasant loving talk. Our children, I have said, for Rosamond and Mary are very dear to me, and still remain with their governess, not to leave her till the inevitable demands of that same "world," that here seems so far off, shall take them away for the season, or, it may be, for longer.

But we will not think of that. Let me look, instead, at the sweet face of my sister, as she sits looking at her children, with the old lustre in her eyes, the old dewy smile on her lips; hardly less a child in all that makes childhood lovely, than when *she* too made daisy-chains, or peered with wondering eyes into the wild-bee's nest, as they are doing now.

Let me look upon the broad landscape spread before my eyes under the clear heavens, where float, or lie cumulose, clouds exceeding white, as if in excess of some mysterious joy that extils itself in radiant purity most absolute. Widely stretch the woods, over which hovers the misty prescience of the coming autumn; and emerald fields slope to the valley, where winds the streamlet, clear and shining as light, and, like light, glancing and flickering through the foliage of the trees that bend beside it. And beyond, there is the glory and rejoicing of the harvest; ripe and rich it sways in the sunshine, like an amber sea; and larks are singing overhead, as if giving utterance to the fullness of a dumb human soul.

It is a beautiful world; divine love is with it, divine blessings are lavished on it, and it is beautiful, and good, and holy. And life, too, is holy and precious, while God watches over it. Let us come forth, then, we that have known sorrow, or even now are suffering from some hidden pain, that we think is ceaseless as it is venomous; and let us look into the beauty of the world He made, and learn the sacredness of the life He has given.

And if life for you and for me holds not happiness, it may yet hold something that is better, that even our humanity may rise to recognize as better.

So, let us look it in the face, and travel on the way that is appointed for us to go.

From Bentley's Miscellany

LAKE NGAMI.*

It is related—at least it is recorded in the archives of Cape Town—that in the early days of that now prosperous settlement, when all the larger quadrupeds indigenous to Southern Africa existed in the neighbourhood of Table Mountain, some laborers employed in a field discovered a huge rhinoceros immovably fixed in the quicksands of the Salt River, which is within a mile of the town. The alarm being given, a number of country people armed with such weapons as were at hand, rushed to the spot with an intention of dispatching the monster. Its appearance, however, was so formidable, that they deemed it advisable to open their battery at a most respectful distance. But seeing that all the animal's efforts to extricate itself were fruitless, the men gradually grew more courageous, and approached much nearer. Still, whether from the inefficiency of their weapons, or want of skill, they were unable to make any impression on the tough and almost impenetrable hide of the beast. At length they began to despair, and it was a question if they should not beat a retreat, when an individual more sagacious than the rest stepped forward, and suggested that a hole should be cut in the animal's hide, by which means easy access might be had to its vitals, and they could then destroy it at their leisure! The happy device was loudly applauded, only the legend does not relate with what success.

What a change has come over the same country since Harris, Gordon Cumming, Galton, Andersson, and his brother Northman, Hans Larsen, have carried dismay and destruction into the interior wilds of Southern Africa! Andersson has, during his wanderings in Africa, killed upwards of a hundred rhinoceroses. Hans Larsen has, with his own hand, shot no less than nine of these gigantic animals in one day!

It is further related that when wagons were first introduced into Great Namaqualand, they caused many conjectures, and much astonishment among the natives, who conceived them to be some gigantic animal possessed of vitality. A conveyance of this kind, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, once broke down, and was left sticking in the

sand. One day a Bushman came to the owner, and said he had seen his "pack ox" standing in the desert for a long time, with a broken leg: and as he did not observe it had any grass, he was afraid that it would soon die of hunger unless taken away!

What a change also here? "We have now German missionaries, settled not only in Great Namaqua, but in still more remote Damarra-land, toiling however, it is much to be regretted, in vain, among stubborn and savage races of men. And while Galton showed the way for wagons to the corn-lands of Ovambo, with their comparatively civilized inhabitants, Andersson remained behind, and ultimately succeeded in also discovering a wagon route to the celebrated Ngami—the mysterious lake of Southern Africa.

"An European," our Swedish traveller justly remarks, "can form no conception of the impracticable nature of the country in these lands, and the immense difficulties that must be surmounted." To give a faint idea of the obstructions of this kind of travelling, we will suppose a person suddenly placed at the entrance of a primeval forest of unknown extent, never trodden by the foot of man, the haunt of savage beasts, and with soil as yielding as that of an English sand-down; to this must be added a couple of ponderous vehicles, as large as the caravans met with in the streets of London, only a great deal stouter—to each of which are yoked sixteen or twenty refractory oxen. Let him then be told, "Through yonder wood lies your road; nothing is known of it. Make your way as well as you can; but remember, your cattle will perish if they do not get water in the course of two or three days."

These are, however, only some of the numerous and ever-alternating charms and trials of African travel. There is the bush-tick, for example, with which Messrs. Galton and Andersson made acquaintance on first landing at Sand Fountain, in Walvisch Bay. Its bite was so severe and irritating, Mr. A. relates, as almost to drive them mad. "To escape, if possible, the horrible persecution of these blood-thirsty creatures, I took refuge one night in the cart, and was congratulating myself on having, at last, secured a place free from their attacks. But I was mistaken. I had not been long asleep before I was awakened by a disagreeable irritation over my whole body, which shortly became intolerable."

* "Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries, during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South Western Africa." By Charles John Andersson. With a Map, and numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

ble; and notwithstanding the night air was very sharp, and the dew heavy, I cast off my clothes, and rolled in the icy cold sand till the blood flowed freely from every pore. Strange as it may appear, I found this expedient serviceable."

By the side of such grievous discomforts there was something to afford pleasure to the sight. Around, every little sand hillock was covered with a creeper, which produced a kind of prickly gourd (called *naras*), of the most delicious flavor. Not only man, but all kinds of animals, from the field-mouse to the ox, and even the feline and canine race, devour it with great avidity. Birds are also very partial to it, more especially ostriches, who, during the *naras* season, are found in great abundance in the places where they grow. "It is," Mr. Anderson justly remarks, "in such instances, more especially, that the mind becomes powerfully impressed with the wise provisions of nature, and the great goodness of the Almighty, who, even from the desert, raises good and wholesome sustenance for man and all his creatures."

Apropos of ostriches, we cannot help giving a recipe for an ostrich egg-omelet; a hole is made at one end of the egg, through which is introduced some salt and pepper. The egg is then well shaken, so as thoroughly to mix the white, the yolk, and the several ingredients mentioned. It is then placed in hot ashes, where it is baked to perfection. An egg thus prepared, although supposed to contain as much as twenty-four of the common fowl-egg, is not considered too much for a single hungry individual.

The dangers arising from sun-stroke, from want of water or from poisoned waters—for the natives often poison the wells and pools to obtain the carcasses of wild animals—are almost trifles compared with the constant annoyance of lions. No sooner had Galton and Andersson started on their perilous wanderings, than these tyrants of Africa killed a horse and a mule, and shortly afterwards openly attacked the party. The stories of our author's prowess against lions would fill a small volume—if not so graphically related as the exploits of Jules Gerard, they are far more numerous, and characterized, if possible, by even greater boldness and daring on the part of the Swede.

The natives, it appears, often deprive the lion of his prey, and actually earn their main

subsistence in this way, becoming a kind of biped jackals. The poorer of the Damaras will also, when hard pressed for food, eat the flesh of beasts of prey themselves, as of the leopard, the hyæna, and many others. Their prowess in hunting is not very remarkable; witness the following incident:

"Some of the servants had gone into the bed of the river to chase away a jackal, when they suddenly encountered a leopard in the act of springing at our goats, which were grazing, unconscious of danger, on the river's bank. On finding himself discovered, he immediately took refuge in a tree, where he was at once attacked by the men. It was, however, not until he had received upwards of sixteen wounds—some of which were inflicted by poisoned arrows—that life became extinct. I arrived at the scene of conflict only to see him die.

"During the whole affair, the men had stationed themselves at the foot of the tree—to the branches of which the leopard was pertinaciously clinging—and, having expended all their ammunition, one of them proposed—and the suggestion was taken into serious consideration—that they should pull him down by the tail!"

Andersson's ideas of ant-hills were for the first time realized at Schmelen's Hope, one of the German missionary stations. Some of the abodes of this interesting though destructive insect, measured as much as one hundred feet in circumference at the base, and rose to about twenty in height! Wild bees make their nests in these gigantic dwellings of the termites, and during the rainy season mushrooms grow in great abundance on their sides, much superior in size and flavor to any found in Europe. Caution is necessary, however, as some are poisonous, probably not so much from difference of species as from different stages of growth.

At the foot of the Omatako mountain our author fell in with a small description of lion, called by the natives *Onquirira*, which resembles the puma: is nocturnal in its habits, timid, and harmless, preying for the most part on small species of antelopes.

Tall and graceful fan-palms heralded the entrance into Ovampo, where they also fell in with a singular fountain, called *Otjikoto*, a basin full of water in limestone rock, supplied by a subterranean channel. Our travellers swam into this cavern, and found in it owls and bats, some of the latter dead, and, indeed, mummified, but still clinging to the

rocks. They also caught several scores of small fish, which were very palatable. Galton says in his account of this "wonderful freak of nature," that they had "great fun" at it; shooting ducks and doves, and astonishing the natives both by their swimming and shooting. ("The Narrative of an Explorer," &c., pp. 201, 202.)

As they approached the celebrated corn country of South Africa — Mr. Galton's memorable discovery — grouse began to abound, and of many distinct kinds. At length came the happy moment when, in Galton's words, emerging out of the bushes, the charming corn-country of the Ovampo lay yellow and broad as a sea before them. Fine dense timber-trees, and innumerable palms of all sizes, were scattered over it; part was bare for pasture, part was thickly covered with high corn-stubble; palisadings, each of which enclosed a homestead, were scattered everywhere over the country. "It was a land of Goshen to us; and even my phlegmatic wagon-driver burst out into exclamations of delight," says Mr. Galton; and we can now let his excellent and worthy companion, Andersson, also relate his sensations on first witnessing this unexpected vision of an agricultural people in Central South Africa:

"The 2nd June will ever be remembered by us. On the afternoon of that day, we first set eye on the beautiful and fertile plains of Ondonga — the country of the Ovampo. Vain would be any attempt to describe the sensations of delight and pleasure experienced by us on that memorable occasion, or to give an idea of the enchanting panoramic scene that all at once opened on our view. Suffice it to say, that instead of the eternal jungles, where every moment we were in danger of being dragged out of our saddles by the merciless thorns, the landscape now presented an apparently boundless field of yellow corn, dotted with numerous peaceful homesteads, and bathed in the soft light of a declining tropical sun. Here and there, moreover, arose gigantic, wide-spreading, and dark-foliaged timber and fruit-trees, whilst innumerable fan-like palms, either singly or in groups, completed the picture. To us it was a perfect elysium, and well rewarded us for every former toil and disappointment. My friend, who had travelled far and wide, confessed he had never seen anything that could be compared to it. Often since have I conjured up to my imagination this scene, and have thought it might not inaptly be compared to stepping out of a hot, white, and

shadowless road, into a park, fresh with verdure, and cool with the umbrage cast down by groups of reverend trees."

Nangoro, the fat king of Ovampo, was disgusted with his visitors because they would not kill elephants for him, and hence they were obliged to renounce an intended excursion to the river Cunene, which flowed to the north, and retrace their steps. Andersson justly sums up of this interesting community, existing hitherto unknown in the interior of South Africa — "It is in vain that poets and philanthropists endeavor to persuade us that savage nations, who have had no previous intercourse with Europeans, are living in a state of the most enviable happiness and purity — where ignorance is virtuous simplicity — poverty, frugality and temperance — and indolence, laudable contempt for wealth. One single day among such people will be sufficient to repudiate these idle notions."

On their way back they were visited by a flock of the *Buphaga Africana*, which, alighting on the backs of the oxen for the purpose of feeding on the ticks with which their hides are covered, threw them into disorder.

The journey eastward, made by Messrs. Galton and Andersson as far as Tunobis on their way to Lake Ngami, is well known from Mr. Galton's previously published account. Mr. Andersson, who persevered, and after refitting himself at the Cape returned to the same spot, says that Mr. Galton's decision was a wise and prudent one. "From after-experience," he says, "I am quite confident that had we tried to push on that year, nothing could have saved us and our beasts of burden from perishing from thirst." It is curious that at the time of Messrs. Galton and Andersson's visit to Tunobis, game was so abundant that the party shot upwards of thirty rhinoceroses, Mr. Andersson slaying no less than eight in one night by himself; and the fountain, although a copious one, was almost nightly drank dry; yet on the latter traveller's return with his own small party to the same spot, not a wild beast was to be seen, and all suffered in consequence from the pangs of hunger. At Ghanzé our traveller was more successful, several rhinoceroses were shot, affording an abundance of provision. Mr. Andersson relates a curious circumstance here:

"Almost the first animal I saw at this place was a gigantic 'tiger-wolf,' or spotted hyæna, which, to my surprise, instead of seeking safety in flight, remained stationary, grinning in the most ghastly manner. Having approached within twenty paces, I perceived, to my horror, that his fore paws, and the skin and flesh of his front legs had been gnawed away, and that he could scarcely move from the spot. To shorten the sufferings of the poor beast, I seized my opportunity, and knocked him on the head with a stone; and, catching him by the tail, drove my hunting knife deep into his side. But I had to repeat the operation more than once before I could put an end to his existence. I am at a loss how to account for his mangled condition. It certainly could not have been from age, for his teeth were good. Could it be possible that from want of food he had become too weak for further exertions, and that, as a last resource, he had attacked his own body? Or was he an example of that extraordinary species of cruelty said to be practised by the lion on the hyæna, when the latter has the insolence to interfere with the monarch's prey?"

What the traveller is exposed to in exploring these wild regions is also well exemplified by what occurred on leaving the same place:

"In the early part of the day after our departure, I caused my horse to be saddled, and rode off to look for water. About noon, I reached a hollow, of a similar nature as Ghanzé but on a smaller scale. I thought I perceived indications of the existence of water; and, having 'hobbled' the steed, went in search of it. The elephants, however, had so trampled the place, that, though I could not doubt of water being there, I soon found that it was only to be had by a vast deal of labor.

"Whilst reflecting on what was best to do, whether to remain and clear out the pit, or to push on in hopes of finding another watering-place, I observed several small birds flying in and out at a small crevice in the limestone-rock. Running to the spot I discovered a narrow circular aperture, about two feet broad, and perhaps twice as much in depth, with something at the bottom reflecting light. Taking for granted that it was water which thus shone, and being tormented with thirst, I leapt into the hole, and greedily swallowed a large quantity. I was too eager to be able to distinguish its taste; but, having somewhat slaked my burning thirst, my palate resumed its function, and I thought I had never experienced so abominable a flavor. Imagine my horror, when, taking a small portion in the hollow of my hand and holding it up to the light, I found

I had been drinking *blood*, mixed with the refuse of some wild animal! I shall never forget the loathing I felt on making this discovery; and, though my stomach was presently relieved of its nauseous contents, I long retained a qualmish sensation. The mystery was, however, cleared up. On a more close examination of the aperture in question, it was found that a herd of zebras had, like myself, been looking for water, and, in so doing, one of them had fallen in, and been found and killed by the Bushmen. Hence the blood and offal of the unfortunate animal."

At page 414 we have, among other admirable illustrations, one of a scene which all readers of African travel must often have pictured to themselves, that of the congregation of wild beasts at night-time to drink at a vley or pool. The moment taken is that of the approach of elephants, when most other animals, giraffes, zebras, and gnoses, retire to a distance; hyænas growl, lions sulk, and even ponderous rhinoceroses pull up short and listen. The whole scene is well rendered.

Andersson's difficulties were much increased on his perilous journey by a very severe attack of inflammation in his leg, which for a time put it out of his power to kill game for himself and party, and yet this was their only chance of subsistence. We must give some account of our traveller's shooting exploits, for we do not hesitate to say that for variety and interest they equal those recorded of any other African traveller or sportsman:

"From the constant persecution to which the larger game had of late been subjected at Kobis, it had become not only scarce, but wary; and hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses still continued to resort to Abeghan, I forthwith proceeded there on the night in question. Somewhat incautiously I took up my position—alone, as usual—on a narrow neck of land dividing two small pools; the space on either side of my 'skirm' being only sufficient for a large animal to stand between me and the water. I was provided with a blanket, and two or three spare guns.

"It was one of those magnificent tropical moonlight nights, when an indescribably soft and enchanting light is shed over the slumbering landscape; the moon was so bright and clear that I could discern even a small animal at a considerable distance.

"I had just completed my arrangements, when a noise that I can liken only to the passage of a train of artillery, broke the

stillness of the air; it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths, or rather tracks, leading to the water, and I imagined it was caused by some wagons that might have crossed the Kalahari. Raising myself partially from my recumbent posture, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded; but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained by the appearance of an immense elephant, immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males. It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting, and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped towards the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures.

"Crouching down as low as possible in the 'skärm,' I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot; and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was, that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the 'skärm,' my body caught his eye, and, before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round, and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that, if I remained partially erect, he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence; in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upwards, at random, towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life; for, at the same instant, the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) that formed the fore part of my 'skärm,' like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

"I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death. But imagine my relief,

when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left, and moved off with considerably rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises, occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need.

"Immediately after the elephant had left me I was on my legs, and, snatching up a spare rifle lying at hand, I pointed at him, as he was retreating, and pulled the trigger; but, to my intense mortification, the piece missed fire. It was matter of thankfulness to me, however, that a similar mishap had not occurred when the animal charged; for had my gun not then exploded, nothing, as I conceive, could have saved me from destruction.

"During this incident, the rest of the elephants retreated into the bush; but by the time I had repaired my 'skärm' they reappeared with stealthy and cautious steps on the opposite side of the pool, though so distant that I could not fire with any prospect of success. As they did not approach nearer, I attempted to stalk them, but they would not allow me to come to close quarters; and after a while moved off altogether.

"Whilst pondering over my late wonderful escape, I observed, at a little distance, a huge white rhinoceros protrude his ponderous and mis-shapen head through the bushes, and presently afterwards he approached to within a dozen paces of my ambuscade. His broadside was then fully exposed to view, and, notwithstanding I still felt a little nervous from my conflict with the elephant, I lost no time in firing. The beast did not at once fall to the ground, but from appearances I had every reason to believe he would not live long.

"Scarcely had I reloaded when a black rhinoceros of the species Keitloa (a female, as it proved) stood drinking at the water; but her position, as with the elephant in the first instance, was unfavorable for a good shot. As, however, she was very near me, I thought I was pretty sure of breaking her leg and thereby disabling her; and in this I succeeded. My fire seemed to madden her: she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when I gave her a second shot, though apparently with little or no effect. I felt sorry at not being able to end her sufferings at once; but as I was too well acquainted with the habits of the rhinoceros to venture on pursuing her under the circumstances, I determined to wait patiently for daylight, and then destroy her with the aid of my dogs. But it was not to be.

"As no more elephants, or other large game appeared, I thought after a time it might be as well to go in search of the white rhinoceros, previously wounded; and I was not long in finding his carcase; for my ball, as I supposed, had caused his almost immediate death.

"In heading back to my 'skärm,' I accidentally took a turn in the direction pursued by the black rhinoceros, and by ill luck, as the event proved, at once encountered her. She was still on her legs, but her position, as before, was unfavorable. Hoping, however, to make her change it for a better, and thus enable me to destroy her at once, I took up a stone and hurled it at her with all my force; when, snorting horribly, erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me; and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder-flask, and ball-pouch, as also my cap, spinning into the air; the gun, indeed, as I afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horn, my impetus would be such (after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case) as to carry her beyond me, and I might thus be afforded a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over (in doing which her head, and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half buried in the sand), and trampled on me with great violence, her fore-quarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and as she was recovering herself for a renewal of the charge, I scrambled out from between her hind legs.

"But the enraged beast had not yet done with me! Scarcely had I regained my feet before she struck me down a second time, and with her horn ripped up my right thigh (though not very deeply) from near the knee to the hip: with her fore feet, moreover, she hit me a terrific blow on the left shoulder near the back of the neck. My ribs bent under her enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment, I must, as I believe, have lost consciousness—I have at least very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head, I heard a furious snorting and plunging amongst the neighboring bushes. I now arose, though with great difficulty, and made my way, in the best manner I was able, towards a large tree near at hand, for shelter; but this precaution was

needless; the beast, for the time at least, showed no inclination further to molest me. Either in the *mêlée*, or owing to the confusion caused by her wounds, she had lost sight of me, or she felt satisfied with the revenge she had taken. Be that as it may, I escaped with life, though sadly wounded and severely bruised, in which disabled state I had great difficulty in getting back to my 'skärm.'

"During the greater part of the conflict I preserved my presence of mind; but after the danger was over, and when I had leisure to collect my scattered and confused senses, I was seized with a nervous affection, causing a violent trembling. I have since killed many rhinoceroses, as well for sport as food; but several weeks elapsed before I could again attack those animals with any coolness.

"About sunrise, Kamapyu, my half-caste boy, whom I had left on the preceding evening about half a mile away, came to the 'skärm' to convey my guns and other things to our encampment. In few words, I related to him the mishap that had befallen me. He listened with seeming incredulity; but the sight of my gashed thigh soon convinced him I was not in joke.

"I afterwards directed him to take one of the guns and proceed in search of the wounded rhinoceros, cautioning him to be careful in approaching the beast, which I had reason to believe was not yet dead. He had only been absent a few minutes, when I heard a cry of distress. Striking my hand against my forehead, I exclaimed, 'Good God! the brute has attacked the lad also!'

"Seizing hold of my rifle, I scrambled through the bushes as fast as my crippled condition would permit; and, when I had proceeded two or three hundred yards, a scene suddenly presented itself that I shall vividly remember to the last days of my existence. Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spell-bound, as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro without any distinct object. Whilst she was thus occupied I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground; and, imagining that she was in her death-agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and

was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one; for, just as I threw myself into a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle! Another moment and I should probably have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.

"When reflecting on the wonderful and providential escapes I recently experienced, I could not help thinking that I had been spared for some good purpose, and my heart was lifted in humble gratitude to the Almighty who had thus extended over me His protecting hand.

"The second day after the scenes described, my bruises began to show themselves; and on the third day they were fully developed, giving my body a black and yellow hue. So far as I was aware, none of my bones were broken; but burning and agonizing pains in the region of the chest were clearly symptomatic of severe internal injury. Indeed, at first, serious apprehensions were entertained for my life. After great suffering, however, I recovered; and, as my shooting mania had by this time somewhat cooled down, my whole thoughts were bent on seeing the Ngami. Though my frame was quite unequal to bear fatigue, my spirit would not brook longer delay.

"With the assistance of my men, I therefore mounted my steed on the 23rd of July, and was off for the Lake, leaving my hunting spoils, and other effects, under the care of the Bushman-chief at Kobis."

The crowning point of all this amount of perilous adventure was at length reached.

"The return of daylight found us again on the move. The morning being cool and pleasant, and our goal near, the whole party was in high spirits, and we proceeded cheerily on our road. I myself kept well ahead in hope of obtaining the first glimpse of Ngami. The country hereabout was finely undulated; and in every distant vale with a defined border I thought I saw a lake. At last, a blue line of great extent appeared in the distance, and I made sure it was the long-sought object; but I was still doomed to disappointment. It turned out to be merely a large hollow, in the rainy season filled with water, but now dry and covered by saline incrustations. Several valleys, separated from each other by ridges of sand, bearing a rank vegetation, were afterwards crossed. On reaching the top of one of these ridges, the na-

tives, who were in advance of our party, suddenly came to a halt, and, pointing straight before them, exclaimed, 'Ngami! Ngami!' In an instant I was with the men. There, indeed, at no very great distance, lay spread before me an immense sheet of water, only bounded by the horizon — the object of my ambition for years, and for which I had abandoned home and friends, and risked my life.

"The first sensation occasioned by this sight was very curious. Long as I had been prepared for the event, it now almost overwhelmed me. It was a mixture of pleasure and pain. My temples throbbed, and my heart beat so violently that I was obliged to dismount, and lean against a tree for support, until the excitement had subsided. The reader will no doubt think that thus giving way to my feelings was very childish; but 'those who know that the first glimpse of some great object which we have read or dreamed of from earliest recollection is ever a moment of intensest enjoyment, will forgive the transport.' I felt unfeignedly thankful for the unbounded goodness and gracious assistance, which I had experienced from Providence throughout the whole of this prolonged and perilous journey. My trials had been many; but, my dearest aspirations being attained, the difficulties were all forgotten."

A great variety of animals were met with around the lake, as may be naturally imagined, including elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, giraffes, koodoos, pallahs, &c.; but the greatest curiosities were two new species of water antelopes, called nakong and leche; they were like the water buck (*aigocerus ellipsiprymnus*), and both large, beautiful, and very interesting animals.

Mr. Andersson adds materially to the interest of his details concerning the lake, by a trip made for some distance up its chief feeder — the Teoge — on whose banks there was a perfect exuberance of animal life, and where were also herds of buffaloes, animals that had not been met with before, and where also occurred that African curse of domestic animals, the tsetse fly. The bite of this most noxious insect is fatal to the life of domestic animals, yet strange to say, does not appear to be so to wild beasts, for they feed undisturbed in parts known to be infested by this most pestiferous of insects.*

* While the "terrible Tsatsalya, or Zimb," of Bruce, the existence of which was so long treated as a fable, is noticed in the last and cheap edition of Kirby and Spence's Entomology (a great boon to the public), there is no mention made of the far more terrible Tsetse, the most fatal of all known insects.

Mr. Andersson had reached Lake Ngami by means of pack and ride oxen, but his collection of specimens of natural history, ivory and other objects so increased there, that he was obliged to return to Namaqua-land for a wagon to remove them. Of this journey, of his return to the lake, and of his ultimate journey home he gives a few details, the present volume having, as he says, already swelled to such a bulk. He had, no doubt

much more to tell us than the fact of being woke out of sleep by a lion purring in his face, but we must be satisfied with this first instalment. Never has a more interesting or a more beautifully got up work of African travel been presented to the public; it leaves one as if oppressed with a nightmare of elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, behemoths, and all the most uncouth and gigantic forms of animal life.

Lectures on the Life, Genius, and Insanity of Cowper. By George B. Cheever, D.D. (Nisbet & Co.)

THESE Lectures, by Dr. Cheever, are not so much a defence of Cowper as an attack of Southey:—a sectarian view of the life, sufferings, failures, and excellencies of a man of genius,—the narrowness of which excludes everything like charity for a comprehension of diversities of creed—diversities of service—diversities of obligation. We are as far from acquiescence in the dogmatisms and denunciations put forth by Southey as Dr. Cheever himself. The Poet's virtues were not those to which sympathy most cordially attaches itself:—they were those of self-support— independence, courage, and patience—which bring their own reward to their possessor;—virtues which, inasmuch as they crave little assistance, gain but a grudging recognition, and can hardly be worn for armor, through years of struggle with life and fortune, without the wearer being hardened on the surface (perhaps deeper) by the perpetual pressure of cuirass, hauberk, and "helmet barred." But to doubt Southey's religion because he disapproved of Dissent,—because, in Cowper's case, he found the influences brought to bear on the poet's mind too harsh, gloomy, and severe for a spirit so tremulously conscientious, and for affections so tender, so true, but so timid,—is to outdo Southey's faults—to assert the infallibility of a dogma, as cruelly as Southey did,—with fewer intellectual claims and credentials. Dr. Cheever should remember that if Cowper strove to turn the lucid intervals between fit and fit of distemperature to what he conceived their best account (cherished, throughout weal and woe, with a solicitude and a constancy which are seldom vouchsafed to the afflicted), Southey, by incessant labor to recommend what he thought right, and to improve his "ten talents," was enabled during a long life to cherish others—to be the stay and shelter of those around him—and to give the bounty of time and interest to many obscure and struggling persons. By this course of righteous endeavor he was, at last, himself worn into that mental nothingness which he had so long watched in others, and so tenderly treated, when writing of the Author of "The Task" and "John Gilpin." This book, we repeat, has not been a labor of love or justice so much as a controver-

sial task. It will carry with it no readers, save those who were agreed with Dr. Cheever ere they began to read: for the logic is weak—the literary accomplishment displayed is small—and the uncharitableness is too active and all-pervading to be excused.—*Athenæum.*

THE NEW STEAM-FARMER.—I devoted two days to the examination of the operation of Boydell's Traction Steam-engine as a locomotive and tractive power, and have come to the conclusion that it is "a great success." This success is owing to the endless and wide railway attached to the circumference of the wheels, which gives a fulcrum for the lever, and a bearing sufficiently wide to carry a great weight on soft ground, without imbedding in the soil. Hence the avoidance of friction and clogging. We might illustrate this by a sportsman on the mud oozes, whose feet would sink in, and thus render his power unavailable; but by attaching to his feet wide pieces of board, the pressure is diminished to a bearing condition. Thus, in the case of Mr. Boydell's machine, although it weighed nine tons, its impress was scarcely perceptible, where a horse's foot left a deep indentation. The engine walked from Camden-town to Acton, taking in tow its four-wheeled wagon, with coals, and four heavy iron ploughs, and water enough for four hours' work. When on the soft turnip-field—after a night's rain—it drew after it ploughs, scarifier, &c., with perfect ease, and then walked home again to Camden-town. It can ascend an acclivity of one in three, which is nearly walking up stairs, our stairs being one in two. It can back, advance, or stop instantaneously, the pinion being shifted from the cogs of the driving-wheel; and the power thus suddenly released is carried off by a separate fly-wheel, which may be used for driving thrashing-machines, mill-stones, or other purposes. In fact, instead of a farmer sending for and sending back a six horse-power engine and thrashing-machine, requiring in each trip four horses, this machine will move itself anywhere—draw the corn to market, bring home manure, and do the cultivation and work of the farm. The machine can turn as easily as a common wagon, and does not mind a deep furrow or a side-hill.—*Abridged from a Letter from Mr. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, in the Journal of the Society of Arts.*

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

STANLEY ON THE HOLY LAND.

Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A. (Murray.)

THE character of Mr. Stanley's mind is, by this time, as well known to readers of the graver sort as that of his style. A sound, regulated judgment, a remarkably well-balanced set of faculties, a nice perception of all the difficulties of a subject, particularly of such as spring from the various prejudices and predilections of men or women readers, combine to produce writings alike well considered in matter and in manner. There has never been an approach to dash in anything Mr. Stanley has written. We can hardly believe he has ever made a mistake of any consequence. The calm unambitious stream of thought flows quietly on, always keeping in its appointed channel; yet it is deep, and full, and clear — beneficent, from first to last, in its progress. The Biography of Dr. Arnold, as far, at least, as Mr. Stanley's own part is concerned, is quite a model book. We feel that it tells, and in simple and beautiful English, what we wanted to know, without excess or defect. Even the few passages (so judiciously few) taken from Arnold's private devotional diaries have never, we believe, been felt to contain a word more than was necessary for the proper appreciation of such a character.

Mr. Stanley's Memoir of his father is also admirable: and so, too, are other and briefer sketches of deceased worthies, less openly acknowledged, but we believe, correctly ascribed to his pen. Of his sermons and his commentary on the Corinthians, this is not the place to speak in detail. The Memorials of Canterbury are not so interesting as we had expected them to be. There is such a thing as letting slip the graphic, while we are sedulously pursuing the minute and exact. This is a sacrifice, not merely of popular and stirring, effective writing, but of the power to keep up the sympathy of readers who read to learn: and this is indeed the occasional and almost only fault of Mr. Stanley's present work. The general interest is sometimes overlaid by particulars; and one feels that the very care and moderation evinced in the attempt to give correct accounts, induces an impression of coldness. But the coldness is more in style and the mode of putting to-

gether what he has gathered up, than in his own habitual frame. All the letters — all the extracts from the journals written on the spot — are glowing with life and warmth.

First, from the general aim of the present work. Mr. Stanley visited Egypt, Arabia, and Syria in the winter of 1852 and in the spring of 1853, in company with three well-chosen friends, who assisted in his explorations and sympathized in his pursuits. He says, truly, that "there have been comparatively few attempts made to illustrate the relation in which the history and geography of the chosen people stand to one another." "To bring the recollections of my own journey," he further says, "to bear on this question — to point out how much or how little the Bible gains by being seen, so to speak, through the eyes of the country, or the country by being seen through the eyes of the Bible — to exhibit the effect of the Holy Land on the course of the Holy History — seemed to me a task not hitherto fully accomplished."

This is a well-propounded aim: and Mr. Stanley has accomplished much for us in his diligent and careful pursuit of it. If there be any reader who seeks in the work for what the author did *not* propose, it will be neither fair to Mr. Stanley nor good for himself. To us it seems a very valuable thing that a practical, believing mind, devotional and sound and judicious, should have gone over the beaten ground, tracing the course of the Israelites and their settlement in Palestine in the strong clear light of a Providential guidance, while the necessary limitations to modern inquiry are plainly felt and acknowledged. That the remarkable correspondences of recorded facts with present appearances should thus have been exhibited, without any of that forcing or extravagance which is so usual in treating these subjects — with, moreover, the most candid acknowledgment of difficulties — raises Mr. Stanley's work above the level of ordinary records of travel in these regions. He is content to receive what he finds, and to impart what he receives. In fact, his position with regard to his subject is divested of much of its difficulty by the simplicity of his aim. He seems instinctively to have taken up the line adapted to do, at this juncture, the greatest amount of service to Biblical literature. It is, we apprehend, as impossible as it would be useless to seek, now, for the actual manna of the wilderness, for the tree

which sweetened the bitter waters, for the spot from whence the spring miraculously flowed. These are not the points about which Mr. Stanley is anxious to form an opinion; but no impertinent doubt is here thrown upon the miracles—wisely, as well as modestly, the whole matter is left where Scripture leaves it.

The commencement of this work, the record of Egyptian impressions, is much enlivened by extracts from Mr. Stanley's letters to his friends at home. These are so animated and pictorial as to make us wish that more had been communicated. As we proceed in the volume such notices become more and more scanty, and the interest of the book suffers from the want of personality. It is curious in this to contrast Miss Martineau's *Eastern Travels* and Mr. Stanley's. Full as the former are of interest, and generally correct as they are admitted to be by those who have followed her, one is perpetually annoyed by the introduction of herself and her party—the peculiarities and the dogmatisms of two or three minds. Mr. Stanley, on the contrary, gives us no scrap of egotism, and rarely allows us a peep into the immediate, spontaneous thoughts which arose on beholding the scenes of which he treats. We see not why such strict personal reserve should have been maintained. The beautiful and animated accounts he gives of Thebes—of the temple of Ipsambul, &c., make us long for more. The following is the fresh record of his first visit to the colossal statues at Thebes.

“No written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the kings. What spires are to a modern city, what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir, that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewn with fragments; there were avenues of them towering high above plain and houses. Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face; but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide must that enormous head have been seen, eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knee. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and

which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in St. Peter's, and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain. Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it: but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object. Rameses was resting in awful majesty, after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but of that stupendous being who thus had raised himself up, above the world of gods and men. . . . And now let me pass to the two others; they are the only statues remaining of an avenue of eighteen similar, or nearly similar, statues, some of whose remnants lie in the field behind them, which led to the Palace of Amenophis III.—every one of the statues being Amenophis himself, thus giving in multiplication what Rameses gained in elevation. He lived some years earlier than Rameses, and the statues are of ruder workmanship and coarser stone. To me they are much more striking close at hand, when their human forms were distinctly visible, than at a distance, when they look more like two towers or landmarks. The sun was setting—the African range glowed red behind them—the green plain was dyed with a deeper green beneath them—and the shades of evening veiled the vast rents and fissures in their aged frames. They too sit hands on knees, and they too are sixty feet high. As I looked back at them in the sunset, and they rose up in front of the background of the mountain, they seemed, indeed, as if they were part of it—as if they belonged to some natural creation, rather than to any work of art; and yet, as I have said, when anywhere in their neighborhood, the human character is never lost. Their faces are dreadfully mutilated: indeed, the largest has no face at all; but is, from the waist upwards, a mass of stones, or rocks, piled together in the form of a human head and body. Still, especially in that dim light, and from their lofty thrones, they seem to have faces only of hideous and grinning ugliness.”—Pp. xxxv, xxxvi.

After reading the above, we turned to the page of *Eastern Travels* in which Miss Mar-

tineau records her own first impression on the sight of this mighty pair :

"There they sat—together, yet apart—in the midst of the plain : serene, and vigilant, still keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt. I can never believe that anything else as majestic as this pair has been conceived by the imagination of art. Nothing even in nature certainly ever affected me so unspeakably—no thunder-storm in my childhood, nor any aspect of Niagara, or the great lakes of America, or the Alps, or the Desert in my later years. I saw them afterwards, daily, and many times a day, during our stay at Thebes, and the wonder and awe grew from visit to visit. Yet no impression exceeded the first, and none was like it. Happy the traveller who sees them first from afar! that is, who does not arrive at Thebes by night."

From Egypt we are conducted at once to the geographical description of the peninsula of Sinai. Mr. Stanley's previous knowledge is so considerable, and his eye so good, that the reader will often find himself helped to a correct notion by means of his author's happy comparisons of places with places. Thus the Arabian Alps are contrasted with the European. In Switzerland, the very name of "Alp" is "strictly applied only to the green pasture lands enclosed by rocks or glaciers : " but here, in the great alpine region of Mount Sinai, the mountains are stripped of all the variegated drapery of oak and birch and pine and fir—of moss, grass, and fern. There are no perennial streams dripping down the sides of the rocks : the coloring is the very ingraining of those rocks themselves, and most remarkable it is. Mr. Stanley, though not accepting the description of travellers who have talked of scarlet and of sky-blue, speaks of "dull crimson, indigo, yellow, and purple," and says, though not "gaudy," they are "gorgeous." A still more singular effect is produced by the sublime stillness of all this region. No murmur of falling waters meets the ear ; nor any of those numerous noises above and below which people other solitudes. There is no interruption to sound arising from the presence of trees, shrubs, or the velvet carpeting of the ground. Among the sharp, bare peaks, every whisper seems to become audible. Voices of persons descending or ascending the heights are heard to a considerable distance. It would seem that no possible conjunction of natural cir-

cumstances could more remarkably contribute to the solemn effect of a divine communication than those which surround Mount Sinai. As for the immediate localities made most sacred by the past, the traveller receives but small aid on the spot in deciphering them. Hardly in one instance do these sacred spots retain their scripture names. "Horeb" and "Sinai" are unknown words ; nor are Marah, Elim, or Rephidim traceable by those appellatives. There is the Mountain of Moses indeed (not so named, however, from its being the traditional scene of the giving of the law,) and there are the Wells of Moses, the Baths of Pharaoh, several times repeated, but the repetition throws discredit on the whole. Neither have the Greek Christians of the convent of Mount Sinai done anything in aid of establishing the true localities. In fact, their ignorance rather transcends that of the Arabian serfs, who perform the menial offices of the convent. The Monks, twenty-one in number, know little of the native language, and, seldom remaining longer than two or three years, have not the requisite time, if they had the inclination to study the deeply interesting objects in their neighborhood. Scarcely anything do we remember to have read, indeed, in modern books of travel, which gives us a stronger impression of the unprofitableness of religious leisure without accompanying intelligence, and at least a common degree of information, than the following passages about the convent on Mount Sinai :

"Unlike most monastic retreats, its inhabitants and its associations are not indigenous, and wholly foreign to the soil where they have struck root. The Monks of the Grand Chartreuse ; however secluded from the world, are still Frenchmen : the Monks of Subiaco are still Italians. But the monks of Sinai are not Arabs, but Greeks. There, in the midst of the desert, the very focus of the pure Semitic race, the traveller hears once again the accents of the Greek tongue ; meets the natives of Thessalonica and of Samos : sees in the gardens the produce, not of the Desert or of Egypt, but of the Isles of Greece ; not the tamarisk, or the palm, or the acacia, but the olive, the almonds, the apple, the poplar, and the cypress of Attica and Coreyra. . . . It is not for us to judge the difficulties of the situation, the poverty and ignorance of the monks, the untameable barbarism of the Arabs—yet, looking from an external point of view at the singular advantages enjoyed by the con-

vent, it is hard to recall another institution, with such opportunities, so signally wasted. It is a colony of Christian pastors planted amongst heathens, who wait on them for their daily bread, and for their rain from heaven ; * and hardly a spark of civilization, or of Christianity, so far as history records, has been imparted to a single tribe or family in that wide wilderness. It is a colony of Greeks, of Europeans, of ecclesiastics, in one of the most interesting and the most sacred regions of the earth ; and hardly a fact from the time of their first foundation to the present time, has been contributed by them to the geography, the geology, or the history of a country which, in all its aspects, has been submitted to their investigation for thirteen centuries." — Pp. 52 — 56.

What these resident monks have not attempted however, many an European traveller has labored to perform, with more or less of success in proportion not merely to his diligence and religious zeal, but to his modesty and sound judgment. Generally speaking, Mr. Stanley accords with Dr. Robinson in his biblical researches ; and there is an agreement not only with Dr. Robinson, but with Miss Martineau, in his view of the site most nearly corresponding with the Scripture account of the spot consecrated by the giving of the law. The whole topography is somewhat intricate however, even by the help of maps ; and there is, we cannot help thinking, difficulty in the arrangement of this and of other parts of Mr. Stanley's book, inasmuch as the narrative does not flow on continuously ; but portions are gone over again in the "familiar flow" of letters and journals, producing occasionally rather awkward contrasts. As we have before said, we admire the letters extremely, and wish there were more of them ; but the two sorts of writing have a disjointed appearance, and we should have preferred one popular volume founded on the letters, and another dedicated to the graver and more important dispositions.

We dare not follow the traveller to Petra. His account is equal in interest to any that has ever been written on the subject ; but we prefer going on with him to Palestine. And here, when we come to this well-trodden ground, we must give Mr. Stanley infinite credit for the manner in which he has refreshed our ideas and renewed our sources of

interest. No one who has not given himself the trouble of consideration on the subject, will, we believe, at first sight, take in one hundredth part of the difficulty which besets a traveller in the Holy Land. For ourselves, we have often thought we should almost desire to visit any land whatsoever, rather than *that*, if our purpose were to get our devout feelings revived, and our languid affections stirred. In India, in the very presence of Juggernaut, among savage tribes and strange sites, the swell of grateful emotion for the contrast of that pure and loving object of worship which has been vouchsafed to us would be irrepressibly strong. But it would not be without difficulty, not without some inward struggle, that we should bring the image of the Christ of history into the presence of the desecrating legends of the Holy Sepulchre and of Bethlehem.

We should indeed do, probably, as Mr. Stanley has done, — walk out and rest in the few unspoiled scenes that are left : visit the waving corn-fields — tread the hard-beaten pathway — see the very thorns and tares, and flowers of the field, and birds of the air, that furnished the Son of God and the Son of Man with the imagery of his discourses — watch the flocks following the shepherd, instead of, as here, the sheep preceding their guardian — then, among such unchanged and simple things, it might be possible to wake and sleep in Palestine without a feeling that we had lost some great blessing out of our daily lives. We should come to feel, with Mr. Stanley, that "there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb."

It is not possible to extract passages from this, which is much the largest half of the whole work, without getting too deep into the topographical details. An eminently useful companion to the Bible we are sure it will be ; to the Old Testament student as well as to the New, a laborious, diligent guide, requiring much more than merely once reading. When the general impression on the traveller's mind alone is given, it is extremely striking, as in that part wherein the contrast in passing from the desert region to Palestine is first marked out. This is a passage which we must indulge in transcribing :

* Burckhardt, and after him Robinson, relate the deep conviction the Arabs entertain that the monks command or withhold the rain from heaven.

"The approach to Palestine — nothing can be more gradual. There is no special point at which you can say that the Desert is ended, and the Land of Promise is begun. Yet there is an interest in that solemn and peaceful melting away of one into the other which I cannot describe. It was like the striking passage in Thalaba, describing the descent of the mountains, with the successive beginnings of vegetation and warmth. The first change was, perhaps, what one would least expect, the disappearance of trees. The last palms were those we left at Ain el Weibeh. Palm Sunday was the day which shut us out, I believe, with few rare exceptions, from those beautiful creations of the Nile and the Desert springs. Judea knows them no more. The next day we saw the last of our well-known acacia. . . . But meanwhile every other sign of life was astir. On descending from the Pass of Sâfeh, one observed that the little shrubs, which had more or less sprinkled the whole arabah, were more thickly studded: the next day they gave a gray covering to the whole hill-side, and the little tufts of grass threw in a general tint of green before unknown. Then the red anemones of Petra re-appeared, and then here and there patches of corn. As we advanced, this thin covering became deeper and faller, and daisies and hyacinths were mixed with the blood-drops of the anemones. Most striking anywhere would have been this protracted approach to land after that wide, desert sea — those seeds and plants and planks, as it were, drifting to meet us. But how doubly striking, when one felt in one's inmost soul that this was the entrance into the Holy Land. 'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' Everything told us that we were approaching the sacred frontier." — P. 100.

And then, again, as the traveller approaches Hebron, —

"The valleys now began, at least in our eyes, almost literally to laugh and to sing! Greener and greener did they grow; the shrubs, too, shot up above their stunted growth. At last, on the summits of farther hills, lines of spreading trees appeared against the sky; then came ploughed fields and oxen. Lastly, a deep and wide recess opened in the hills — towers and minarets appeared through the gap, which gradually unfolded into the city of 'the Friend of God,' — this is its Arabic name. Far up on the right ran a wide and beautiful upland valley, all partitioned into gardens and fields; green fig-trees and cherry-trees, and the vineyards —

famous through all ages; and far off, gray and beautiful as those of Tivoli, swept down the western slope of the olive-groves of Hebron. Most startling of all was the hum through the air — hitherto "that silent air" — which I described during our first encampment, but which had grown familiar as the sounds of London to those who live constantly within their range — the hum, at first, of isolated human voices, and the lowing of cattle, rising up from those various orchards and corn-fields, and then a sound which, to our ears, seemed like that of a mighty multitude, but which was only the united murmur of the population of the little town which we now entered at its southern end." — P. 102.

Again; and this must be our last extract:

"Let me say, briefly, what has chiefly impressed me during that first day in Palestine. After all the uncertainty of the desert topography, it was quite startling, though I knew it beforehand, to find the localities so absolutely authentic: to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, and Ziph shouted out in answer to my questions by our Bedouin guides, and from the ploughmen in the fields, who knew no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses. And now I am in Hebron, looking on the site of a sepulchre whose genuineness has never yet been questioned, and to that, with equal certainty, is to succeed Bethlehem, and to that Jerusalem. . . . Then I am struck with the vast number and extent and massiveness of the ruins of the deserted cities. . . . And I am struck by what is also noticed by Miss Martineau — the western, almost the English, character of the scenery."

Certain it is, that hitherto we have failed to realize another very remarkable characteristic of the Land of Promise — its great elevation above the sea. This Mr. Stanley vividly puts before us, when he says that Hebron is, in fact, only 500 feet lower than Snowdon, and Jerusalem of nearly the same elevation as Skiddaw.

Enough has been said, and sufficient specimens given, we trust, to show our sense of the great value of this charming work, and we bring our notice to a close with a regretful feeling, and a conviction that much remains unremarked, or at least uncommenced upon, which could not fail to furnish matter of high interest to the reviewer and the reader.

From The Economist, 21 June.

THE OUTRAGE ON MR. SUMNER.

WE have by recent arrivals some further information of the consequences of the vile outrage committed in the Senate of the United States on Mr. Sumner, which we noticed a fortnight ago. The august body that was so fiercely assailed and insulted in his person, after an investigation, came to the conclusion that an assault with considerable violence had been made on Mr. Sumner; that the assault was a breach of the privileges of the Senate; that the Senate for a breach of its privileges could not arrest a representative, could not try and punish him; and that the duty of doing this devolved on the House of Representatives. The Senate seems powerless to protect itself against such outrages. In the last clause of the conclusion a committee of the House of Representatives, appointed to investigate the subject, unanimously concurred; and, after hearing evidence, adopted the resolution, "that the Hon. Preston S. Brooks be, and he is forthwith, expelled from the House as representative from the State of South Carolina." The committee also declared its disapprobation of the conduct of Henry A. Edmundson and Lawrence M. Keitt, two other representatives, who had known of the intended assault and had not interfered to prevent it. Mr. Howell Cobb, however, differed from the rest of the committee, and presented a minority report that no breach of privilege under the Constitution had been committed, and that the House had no power to go beyond the Constitution. The report of the majority was laid on the table, was ordered to be printed, but had not been at the date of the last dispatches taken into consideration by the whole House.

Mr. Brooks has sent a letter to the Senate, in which he expresses "his unfeigned regret that what he had intended only as a redress for personal wrongs should have been construed into a breach of the privilege of the Senate." He considered himself a gentleman in society, and under no *political* restraint as a member of the House of Representatives. He had read the speech delivered in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, and found in it language which he regarded as unjustly reflecting on South Carolina and on a friend and relative. He had reason to believe that Mr. Sumner did not acknowledge personal responsibility, or would not fight every ruffian who, skilled in shooting, might be offended at truth freely spoken; and therefore, he had no alternative, in his own conceit, but to fall on Mr. Sumner with a stick, without a word of preparation, and knock him down as he was sitting at his desk. The assault took place in the Senate Cham-

ber, because Mr. Brooks could not find the man he was resolved to whip elsewhere. Mr. Sumner was, whether or not, or wherever found, to be assailed for his speech. It is gentlemanly manners, therefore, according to Mr. Brooks, to assault a senator for what he says in the performance of his duties, without asking for one word of explanation.

Mr. Brooks does not regret the assault: he only regrets the violated privileges of the Senate. For having committed the outrage in the Senate House he apologizes: the outrage itself he glories in, and he finds supporters in Carolina and other places. Meetings have approved of his conduct. The press of the South applauds it, and expresses a hope that other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks. In the Southern States, therefore, it is gentlemanly conduct to knock a senator down for saying what is disagreeable to you, whether it be about your country or your institutions or anything to which you are attached. To people in Europe this will seem rather more barbarous than the manners of the Indians, who, if they carried their cruel vengeance further and scalped the victims they surprised, rarely attacked without having a better reason than a mere difference of opinion.

As we expected, the North is roused by the outrage. "Indignation meetings" to condemn the ferocious attack have been held in various places, from Michigan to Maine. At all of them strong language has been used, not only against Mr. Brooks, but against the slavery which he thought he was defending by knocking down Mr. Sumner. Mr. Wilson, the colleague of Mr. Sumner, who is also threatened, has spoken out boldly and earnestly, and warned his countrymen that the attack on Mr. Sumner is the continuation of the assault of slavery on the free people of Kansas. Mr. Everett prefaced a lecture he was about to deliver on Washington by saying:

"A sadness which I strive in vain to repress, overwhelms me at thought of the occurrences of the past week, and a serious apprehension forces itself upon my mind that events are even now in train, with an impulse too mighty to be resisted, which will cause our beloved country to shed tears of blood through all her borders for generations to come. The civil war, with its horrid train of fire and slaughter, carried on without the slightest provocation against the infant settlements of our brethren on the frontier of the Union—the worse than civil war which, after raging for months unrebuked at the capital of the Union, has at length with a lawless violence of which I know no example in the annals of Constitutional Government, stained the floor of the Senate Chamber with the blood of a defenceless man, and he a senator from

Massachusetts — O! my good friends, these are events which, for the good name, the peace, the safety of the country, it were well worth all the gold of California to blot from the record of the past week."

The gentlemanly manner of Mr. Brooks, therefore, is likely to bring sorrow on his country. The North — the Abolition party — the party which is growing much the fastest in population, in wealth, and in power — is now deeply insulted as well as injured. A war, in fact, has commenced between the parties in the States, which seems likely to be followed by portentous consequences.

Amongst these events is the election of the future President, over which it may exert considerable influence. Mr. Buchanan, to the exclusion of Mr. Pierce, who has become too unpopular on account of his excessive devotion to the South to be safe, and Mr. Douglas, who more than Mr. Pierce is a pro-slavery politician, has been nominated by the Democratic or Pro-slavery Convention, but his election is not yet safe. We regard his success as a sign of the weakness of his party. It has lost confidence in the extreme principles it has lately followed, as exhibited in the conduct of Mr. Brooks, and has fallen back on a more moderate and more conservative candidate than either Mr. Peirce or Mr. Douglas. Its want of confidence will add to the strength of its opponents. The Black Republicans, as the party is called which elected Mr. Banks to be Speaker of the House of Representatives — the most opposed to the Pro-slavery Convention — will find itself much strengthened by the feelings engendered by the outrage on Sumner and by the violent attacks of the slavery party on Kansas. Should it be strengthened by a coalition with the Know-Nothings, who constitute a third party, the two may succeed in electing a President of their own. Mr. Sumner has even been named by the *New York Evening Post* for the high office. It is not unlikely the present excitement in the States may tend to some unexpected coalitions, which may concentrate the strength of the two divided parties of the North on some generally acceptable man not yet known, and exclude Mr. Buchanan from attaining the great object of his ambition and his life. Be the next President, however, who he may, the present excitement of the whole Free-soil party will induce very important actions.

From The Examiner, 21 June.

THE SUMNER CASE.

A *New York* journal of the 7th says: "Mr. Sumner, when last heard from, was

mending slowly. His wounds, however, are more severe than was at first supposed, and he is by no means out of danger. He will be removed to the country as soon as his condition will permit. It will be many weeks, at the best, before he can resume his senatorial duties." Mr. Sumner having learned that Governor Gardner of Massachusetts had recommended that the Commonwealth should assume the expenses of his illness, desired a friend to telegraph at once his hope that the recommendation would not be pressed. In no event, he says, can he accept the allowance proposed. Mr. Sumner adds: "Whatever Massachusetts can give, let it all go to suffering Kansas."

The following has been signed by, amongst others, Josiah Quincy, sen., H. W. Longfellow, Jared Sparks, R. H. Dana, J. Z. Goodrich, and Edward Everett: "Being desirous of expressing to the Hon. Charles Sumner, in some permanent and appropriate form, our admiration of his spotless public and private character, our lively gratitude for his dauntless courage in the defence of freedom on the floor of Congress, and especially our unqualified approbation of his speech in behalf of free Kansas, delivered in the Senate on the 20th of May last — a speech characterized by comprehensive knowledge of the subject, by logical acuteness, and Spartan intrepidity in its chastisement of iniquity — for which he has well-nigh lost his life, at the brutal and cowardly hands of a creature for which, thanks to the rarity of their appearance, the English tongue has, as yet, no appropriate name, we deem it alike a privilege and an honor to participate in offering him some suitable token of our sentiments. For this purpose we subscribe the several sums set opposite our names."

Meetings in condemnation of the outrage have been held at Troy, Albany, Dover, New Haven, Hamilton College, Clinton, Jersey City, Concord, Cambridge, and numerous other places. At Cambridge the Hon. Joel Parker presided, supported by the Hon. Theophilus Parsons, Jared Sparks, Professor Longfellow, Professor Felton, Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, Judge Phillips, Joseph T. Buckingham, and several other eminent men. The speakers at a meeting at Concord included Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said, "The events of the last few years and months and days have taught us the lessons of centuries. I do not see how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute one state. I think we must get rid of slavery, or we must get rid of freedom. Life has no parity of value in the free state and in the slave state. In one it is adorned with education, with skilful labor, with arts,

with long prospective interests, with sacred family ties, with honor and justice. In the other, life is a fever; man is an animal, given to pleasure, frivolous, irritable, spending his days in hunting and practicing with deadly weapons to defend himself against his slaves and against his companions brought up in the same idle and dangerous way. Such people live for the moment, they have properly no future, and readily risk on every passion a life which is of small value to themselves or to others." He then bestowed a fine eulogy upon Mr. Sumner, and in conclusion said, "I think I may borrow the language which Bishop Burnet applied to Sir Isaac Newton, and say that Charles Sumner 'has the whitest soul I ever knew.' Well, sir, this noble head, so comely and so wise, must be the target for a bully to beat with a club! The murderer's brand shall stamp his forehead wherever he may wander in the earth."

The subject continues to be a prominent one with the press in all parts of the union. The southern papers generally applaud the conduct of Brooks: but there are some honorable exceptions, among them the *Mobile Advertiser*, which mildly says that "considering the time and place of the act, it admits of no justification." Mr. Brooks, though a delegate, did not go to the Cincinnati convention, but remains in Washington, at the request of friends, who were apprehensive that his appearance in a northern city at this time might hazard his life. It is more probable, however, that it would have hazarded the success of his favorite candidate, General Pierce at the convention. This Brooks has now in his possession something like a dozen live oak canes, the gifts of his South Carolina admirers, in place of the gutta serena stick which he broke on Mr. Sumner's head. They are all headed with silver or gold, bearing appropriate inscriptions. The one which he most prizes is said to be of massive live oak, silver looped, and inscribed with a grateful tribute from the northern shipmasters doing business at Charleston, S. C. These weapons are all very heavy, and one blow, well laid on, would finish a man of ordinary thickness of skull. The *Richmond Enquirer* suggests one beating a day as necessary to preserve suitable discipline in Congress. The papers say also that Brooks receives a hundred letters a day, one-half eulogizing his late exploit, and the other half denouncing it, and threatening him with personal violence. The *Richmond Enquirer*, quoted above, further says: "There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take

him in hand? Hale is another huge, red-faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of abolition speakers. We believe the expulsion of Mr. Brooks will be reproved by South Carolina, by some unequivocal and emphatic expression of concern for its insulted dignity. Perhaps she may withdraw her delegation from Congress. She has the pride and the spirit to adopt some such energetic measure of resentment.

From The Press (Disraeli-Tory), 21 June.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE foreign policy of President Pierce's Cabinet will in all probability be affirmed and continued by that of its successor. The Democratic Convention at Cincinnati has nominated Mr. Buchanan as its candidate for the Presidency at the election in November; and from the strength of the party, and Mr. Buchanan's reputation, there can be little doubt that he will be successful. Mr. Buchanan's views on the Monroe doctrine, and on the jealousy with which European interference in the affairs of the American continents is to be regarded, are identical with those of General Pierce. But he is a much abler man than the present President, and the Convention have, in this instance, shown much practical sagacity in selecting their boldest and weightiest statesman to give effect to their principles.

Hence it may be assumed that whatever difficulties exist in our relations with the American Government—owing to the position it has taken up—will continue to exist for years to come. As respects the principle at issue, it will not be a temporary difficulty. Mr. Buchanan is not likely to be more compliant than General Pierce or Mr. Marcy. The people have decided on a policy, and have found men willing and able to give it shape and consistency. Let us see what that policy is. It is necessary to recognize the facts of a case before attempting a solution of the questions which grow out of them.

The Monroe doctrine, as it is generally understood, is supposed to imply a denial, on the part of the United States Government, of the right of any European Power to interfere in the affairs of the two American continents. It is supposed to mean that the two continents shall be entirely cut off from the political influences of the Old World, and shall be free from all European authority and control.

If this be the principle which the Democratic Convention and the Government of the United States resolve to "hold sacred," as essential to the interest of the commerce of the United States and the development of their power, it is a principle which will and must array against them a great European confederacy, as wholly subversive of established rights, and contrary to international law. But such an interpretation is not supported by the terms in which the principle was originally expressed.

The Monroe doctrine was first enunciated by President Monroe in his message to the Congress on Dec. 2, 1823. It is embodied in these words:

"The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent position which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

"We owe it therefore to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and European Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or of controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States."

It was in special reference to the successful revolt of the Spanish colonies that this declaration was made; and, read by the light of the circumstances and anticipations of that time, it is intelligible that the principle might have assumed greater significance, and received a wider interpretation, than subsequent events have justified.

Thirty years ago, there seemed a probability that the American continents would shake themselves clear from European domination. The Spanish colonies had newly declared their independence. The two Canadas, divided in sentiment, agitated by political intrigues, unsettled in constitution, and making little progress under British rule, were held to this country by but feeble ties. The Washington Cabinet in 1823, viewing the rapid spread of Republican tendencies, and the successes of the Republican party in Spanish America, had some ground for anticipating that the time was at hand when

the states of the American continents would have a political system of their own, entirely independent of the political systems prevailing in the countries from which they sprang. But the action to which it looked as likely to render the New World independent of the Old, has had a contrary effect. The communities which shook off the domination of Spain have not been able to found free and independent States; they have degenerated since their separation from the mother country with a rapidity beyond example, while the communities which have preserved unbroken their links with their European Governments, have, with the single exception of the unfortunate British West Indian colonies, advanced in every element of prosperity. Canada is now not a precarious possession of the British Crown, but a mighty and flourishing province; the rival of the United States in material development, and appreciating too warmly its close connection with England to think of severance. Cuba is firmly attached to Spain. France holds with undisputed grasp her West India possessions. Russia clings tenaciously to her hold on the American continent to the extreme north. The Powers of Europe have possessions and rights in the New World which they will never consent to abandon; and any attempt on the part of the United States to push the Monroe doctrine to an extreme, would lead to a combination against their Government which it would be utterly unable to resist.

But to the general principle that the United States have a fair right to extend their empire in America by all legitimate means, no objection will be made by the sense of the country. The American continents are their proper sphere of action. We entreat them to believe that we shall never be jealous of their progress. They will no doubt have quarrels with the feeble States of America, as France has had quarrels in Algeria, as England has had quarrels in India, as Russia has had quarrels in Tartary. We know to what result such quarrels must inevitably lead. We do not want to oppose the territorial progress of the States, whether it arises from compact with countries which desire participation in the advantages of the Union, or whether it arises from conquest in fair warfare.

The enlightened opinion of this country is not unfavorable to the expansion of the power of the United States. We have nothing to dread from it. The Union will hold together no longer than is consistent with the interests of the various States of which it is composed. The political strength of the Union will be rather diminished than strengthened by territorial extension. Even now the North would be politically stronger if severed

from the South. But such considerations do not concern us. We look to other quarters for the development of British forces. While holding our own in America, we can afford to look with positive satisfaction on the progress made by the United States.

But such is not the sentiment of Lord Palmerston. He retains the political ideas of half a century ago. He does not understand that a changed world requires a changed policy. He regards every acquisition made by the United States with a jealous eye, and is intent on schemes by which England may fetter their progress, and establish military posts to threaten their possessions. On this principle alone is the occupation of Ruatan and Bonacca to be accounted for. We have no business there. We have no interests to protect, and the possessions themselves are worthless. For the like reason is our protectorate of the Mosquito coast insisted on. It is these pretensions which excite the alarm and anger of the United States' Government. It sees in them a protest against the extension and safety which they aim at, and the result is continual antagonism to this country, and a conflict of sentiment which, if the cause were removed, would rapidly subside.

Why has the Washington Cabinet so warmly taken up the occupation of Ruatan by the British Government? Because, in the words of Mr. Buchanan, it is "the key of the Bay of Honduras, and the focus of the trade of the neighboring countries." Because "such is its commanding geographical position, that Great Britain in possession of it could completely arrest the trade of the United States on its passage to and from the Isthmus. The Washington Cabinet is jealous of a Gibraltar at a point commanding the passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Not England alone, but all the States of Europe, have good reasons for insisting that the region of this passage shall be neutral ground. In the event of a ship canal being formed, the freedom of such canal would be an object of importance to the whole world; but our interest in Central America is nearly confined to that one point. It is not our interest to occupy stations which would command the coast or trade of Central America. Towards America we desire a policy, not of repression, but of development; not of hostility, but of alliance; a policy founded on the maintenance of European rights, but in no way adverse to the expansion of the enterprise and power of the United States.

Until that policy is acted on there is no hope that our relations with the United States' Government will ever be truly amicable, or that the danger of serious misunder-

standing will ever be removed. But it is a policy which Lord Palmerston during the whole course of his political life has opposed, and which we believe he is totally incapable of appreciating.

From The Spectator, 14 June.

UNITED STATES.

AN entirely new turn has been given to the state of our relations with America, by the transmission of dispatches from the other side; and statements were made by Ministers in Parliament last night. The American Government professes itself to be satisfied with the explanations as to the proceedings of our *Government*, but retains its dissatisfaction with Mr. Crampton, transmits further evidence that he and the three Consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, were guilty of the complicity imputed to them, and perseveres in its intention of giving Mr. Crampton his passports and withdrawing the exequatur from the Consuls. These representations are accompanied by assurances that the American Government entertains no feeling hostile to our own, and is anxious only for conciliation. As some gauge of this conciliatory spirit, Mr. Dallas, the American Minister at the Court of St. James', has been empowered to negotiate a reference of certain points in the Central American question to arbitration. We have no statement as to the manner in which these communications are to be answered; and the signs are equivocal. If we were impatient to judge from unauthenticated writings, we might suppose that our Government will summarily decline to admit the further evidence against Mr. Crampton, while it will hold itself precluded by the interruption of diplomatic communication from negotiating with Mr. Dallas on the more important question of Central America. There are many reasons for not surrendering the advantages derivable from strict adherence to usage; but, on the other hand, there are no two countries whose relations might be more injured by a slavish obedience to etiquette than England and America. No true statesman will limit his views simply to the official documents, and ignore what is evident to all the rest of the world. A strong feeling unquestionably prevails among the best-informed and most discreet men in America, that Mr. Crampton has not been equal to the duties of his post; that, somehow or other, he has suffered himself to be drawn into a false position; and that he has not kept his Government thoroughly informed. We had one example of negligence in the suppression of a communication which Lord Clarendon specially desired him to communi-

cate to Mr. Marcy; and the belief in Washington is, that this instance was far from being solitary. Independently of the injury inflicted upon British interests by having an agent not thoroughly competent to duties always delicate and often difficult, there is a certain disrespect to the Americans in sending to them second-rate or third-rate men, when they take a pride in appointing their very best representatives to our capital.

The domestic relations of the Union have become much more threatening than its foreign relations. Pressed by the arguments of the North, the Southern men have endeavored to overbear argument by brutal violence; and we have this week fuller descriptions of the most disgraceful attack upon Mr. Charles Sumner, a distinguished member of the Senate, as retribution for his outspokenness. While such deeds are enacted at Washington, Kansas, which has for the last few years been made the fighting-ground for the two conflicting principles of the Free-Soilers and Slavery-Extensionists, has become the scene of open civil war. Under cover of law, the Slavery men have invaded the town of Lawrence, and have followed up a process of arrest in the name of the Sheriff with a conflagration and probably the sack of the town. Of late years the Abolitionist agitation of the North has materially declined; far less pressure was put upon the South, and there did appear a possibility that the Slavery question might be staved off until its settlement could be approached in the calm and prudent spirit of Henry Clay. The South has met moderation with violence, and has resorted to extremes which appear to render a civil war inevitable, if indeed they do not bring on the long-anticipated disruption of the Union.

From The Spectator.

UNE IDEE NAPOLEONNIENNE.

FRENCH inundations, like French Revolutions, are on a gigantic scale. They present similar physical and moral aspects to the observant eye. They are alike periodic, sudden, destructive. The heavens are opened, the waters fall, and in a moment half France is overwhelmed. Paris and Lyons, Bordeaux and Rouen, give up their masses; they rush and hurtle for a brief space on the place publique, and down go dynasties and dominations; the human deluge roars and eddies along, or spreads out into stagnant pools. And each kind of inundation produces brilliant and touching instances of devotion, self-sacrifice, and generous loyalty; each is followed in due time by increased fruitfulness. It is remarkable, too, that as the material inundation is due, so far as its destruc-

tive qualities are concerned, partly to an absence of legitimate channels for the swelling torrent, and partly to the weakness of those dikes and embankments that are made to restrain the superabundant waters within due bounds, so the destructive character of the political inundations may be traced to the limited channels provided for the flow of political passions, and the absence of sufficient strength in the dikes intended to contain them. The analogy may be fanciful, but we can carry it one step farther still. The direction and area of both inundations are the same. Paris is the head of the revolutionary element, we are told, Lyons the arm. The nerves of the revolutionary body are the great rivers; and the volition of Paris is transmitted along the Rhone, the Yonne, the Nièvre, the Loire, to Lyons and Marseilles on one side, to Angers and Nantes on the other. In the same way, we find that Paris is the apex of the inundation—the great floods sweeping away towards the Mediterranean on the one hand, and towards the Atlantic on the other, through the same valleys that are traversed by the amphibious agents of the Revolution—the boatmen and raftsmen of France. Thus the speculative analogy we have drawn becomes something more than a phantasy; for the very populations who form the strength of the Revolutionary party are those who have suffered most by the terrible calamity just inflicted on France, and who owe what solace they have obtained in the hour of trouble to the Master of the Revolution.

We may class the prompt decision of the Emperor to traverse himself the great courses of the inundation among the most happy of those "idées Napoléoniennes" of which we have heard so much since 1848.

We cannot forget the means by which Louis Bonaparte became Napoleon the Third. One might imagine him to have been inspired by une idée Dantonnesque—let my name be blasted, but let my destiny be fulfilled. Nothing can efface the record of those measures which expelled the intellect of France from all share in public affairs, which deprived the army of its cherished chiefs, and literature of its leaders. But while branding the means, we must admit that the end, so far, has been the good government of France—government in a sense unknown to the Restoration, unbelieving in by the house of Orleans. The French people have seen, Europe has seen, that hitherto the Fates have not found their gifted child asleep. True, the future is as inscrutable as the self-imposed Emperor of France; but if the past furnishes the key to the future, surely that key is promptitude of decision equal to any emergency in an emergency—

long deliberation and a wise abstinence when events are not emergent. But a man to be equal to events must not be a man limited by routine, and those who frame their policy on routine calculations can never estimate the course of such a man. He stepped beyond the mill-horse round of kingship when he determined to rebuild Paris; he startled Europe when he united with England on the "question d'Orient;" he surprised everybody when he married a Spanish countess and described himself as a parvenu. Certainly, here is a man who strives to make himself master of events, and not permit events to become his master. An inundation is not a great war, nor a great alliance; but it is a grave event in the national life of France, and it brings forth the predominant characteristic of her Emperor — an unforeseen, decided, and happy line of action. In 1840, the King of the Barricades sat quietly in his palace when his provinces were desolated, and permitted a prefect to organize an aid commission; when Silesia suffered from an inundation the other day, the King of Prussia visited the devastated districts *after* the event. But one of the idées Napoléoniennes is paternal government; and hence we see their professor riding into floods during their height, himself organizing, in some cases administering relief on the spot; and for the first time within their memory the peasants of the Loire and the Rhone have seen a monarch taking a deep, a passionate, a personal interest in their bitter sufferings. Whatever betide, those peasants will remember the figure of the Emperor who rode through the raging waters, who wept with them, who shared their dangers, and who brought them succor in the hour of their greatest need. It is not for us to dive into the motives of this extraordinary man. We point out the fact that there is one ruler at least who tries to rule without regard to the dried-up and exhausted traditions of his office. Europe, in all her dealings with him, must take that very large fact into consideration.

If this view of the French Emperor's character is correct, he is not the man to sit down, shutting his eyes to the future, satisfied with his almost romantic rides among the suffering multitudes. Clearly will he have seen that there is something wrong in the main drainage of France, when the rains, that should fertilize, devastate her fields; and we shall not be surprised if a remedy be designed and begun as far from routine statesmanship as the visits to the inundations are from the conduct that would be dictated by the etiquette which rules an ordinary or an apathetic monarch with a rod of iron. It may be that he will see there is negligence somewhere, that renders these in-

undations so destructive; that there is some real connection between local deluges and revolutions. The physical problem he will have to solve is to convert a ruinous flood into a beneficent irrigation — to guide and restrain the rainfalls of the future so that they may be the handmaids of agriculture and commerce. If this were done, and a sound well-regulated material prosperity were established in the fertile plains and valleys of France, it may be that the foundations of nobler moral and political conditions would be laid, and that revolutions would become as impossible as inundations.

From The Examiner, 21 June.

GOVERNMENT BY PRIESTS.

It is said that Austria and France are so far disposed to act in accord on the Roman question as to threaten the Pope with the withdrawal of foreign troops within a limited time. We have not much faith in the efficiency of such a threat. It will merely put the Papal Ministers upon the necessity of raising regiments, and they know perfectly well that against one of its probable consequences the authors of the joint note themselves would be eager to protect them again. Austrians and French, if they were really in earnest in this matter, have within their power a much more efficient way of bringing the Pope to reason. Let them order the organization of municipalities in all the towns and districts which they garrison, and let those municipalities be charged with the police, the levying of taxes, and other matters of administration. If such powers be generously and frankly entrusted to the citizens we will be bound to say they will make noble use of them, and that assassination, disorder, and discontent will soon disappear. The teaching of such men as Manin falls on no barren soil. Let the Romagnese have self-government, and the sovereignty of the Pope has yet another chance in Rome.

One would have thought that the very churchmen of Italy might have been brought to see this. They are much given to vaunt old times. Let them recur, or be compelled to recur, to those notable old times when the rise of municipal liberty in the towns of Italy was favored and cherished at the Vatican, when at the head of the Lombard League the supreme Pontiff placed himself, and the Papal Keys were seen on every civic banner as the emblem of municipal freedom and local independence. We shall be told that Pius the Ninth tried this and failed. We do not admit that the trial was honestly made; but assume that it was, and that it failed because of the sudden revolution and republic in France, and because Vienna and

Berlin fell equally the prey to convulsion, what does it prove? If Italian heads were turned, at a time when all Europe ran mad, this should be no reason for not trying rational experiments with Italians at a time of universal tranquillity.

But the churchmen of Italy, we suspect, have in reality now lost whatever opportunity they might once have had of contributing to the peaceful settlement of this great matter. The statements of Count Cavour have struck deep, they are awakening everywhere responses throughout Europe, and the question he has raised of whether priests ought longer to be allowed to govern is discussed alike in palaces and chambers of state, and in "huts where poor men lie." In nearly the same form it was mooted by the first Napoleon. That remarkable man, much as he favored the resuscitation of religion as a means of government, was yet strongly of the opinion that priests could be trusted neither with government nor with administration. Never was there a more sensible, more amiable, more saintly Pope than Pius the Seventh; but his very virtues incapacitated him from governing, and so Napoleon told him when announcing that he must and would secularize the Roman State.

Count Cavour goes further than Napoleon did. He not only says that priests cannot govern, but he maintains that priests educated in the exclusive spirit of the present Church of Rome cannot be even safe or loyal members of a constitutional state. It was on this the Prime Minister of Piedmont based the authority which he lately demanded for a power of government inspection and control over the education given in ecclesiastical seminaries. He would be satisfied with nothing short of an absolute security that no anti-constitutional principles are instilled into the Piedmontese youth destined for the ecclesiastical state; and thus he has created a new quarrel with Rome, which of course cries out anathema against such interference.

Yet everything shows how thoroughly the Sardinian statesman measured the temper and wants of the time when he made it the condition of his government that it should grapple with this question. It is in reality now the leading question on the continent of Europe. Democracy had almost everywhere yielded and given way before despotism, when this third power claimed to share the spoil on the ground of being alone able to continue and make sure of the victory. The army reigns over three-fourths of Europe, and the question is whether the priesthood shall not reign with it. In Austria, beyond all doubt, the priesthood has ascended the steps of the throne by means of the Concordat, and sits there with the Emperor.

But the danger is not in that direction only. In France itself the so-called religious party has certainly great power. It must be great when it is able to paralyze the intentions of the Emperor, who appears to be of the same conviction with his great uncle that the Papal Government ought to be secularized, yet who still shrinks from offending or breaking with the ultra Catholic party. In truth he is afraid of that which is just now courted most by his enemies. Not only the Legitimists, but even the Orleanists, are at its feet; and when Lord Clarendon proposed to secularize the Legations, the most virulent protest against his idea was published by the *Journal des Debats*, which stood up as the champion of the Pope. Nor is it the *Debats* and M. St. Marc Girardin alone who are ready to do battle for the Pope. M. Thiers, M. Falloux, M. Berryer, even M. Guizot himself, all Protestant though he be, all the ex-statemens of Louis Philippe, and all the ex-philosophers, Cousin himself included, may be said to a certain extent to have become partisans of the Church, as at least something better than that bugbear of democracy which has lately so terrified and disordered their imaginations. We are very sorry for it. It is a sign of imbecility on the part of the French constitutionalists, we fear; and might almost lead one to despair of any cause entrusted to the guidance of such men. Their conduct is not much better than that of men who turn monks because of some of the common disappointments of life. Napoleon the Third, sufficiently inclined of himself to favor the Church (for one of his weaknesses is to consider himself the chosen of Heaven), is of course confirmed in such policy by seeing his enemies prostrate before the same power.

In such a state of things we have our fears that even the temporal government of the Papacy, which implies that of Central Italy, has little chance of being reformed by the interference of the potentates of France and Germany; and it becomes the more interesting to inquire whether any chance or sign appears of improvement or regeneration in the Church itself or its party. M. de Falloux has just published on this subject a very remarkable article, being the history of the efforts and the policy of that section of the Church party in France of which he may be considered the Chief. Into the particular facts and events of his recital we need not enter. It is enough for our purpose that he admits the present narrow and low training of churchmen, and frankly states it to be one of the great obstacles to the Church exercising any large influence, seeing that it has removed the clergy so far from the ideas and the sympathies of the age. That is enough of itself to destroy the rest of his

case. Richelieu and Mazarin, and numbers of churchmen, were able in former days to govern with various degrees of glory and success. But churchmen were then men of society and of the world, and rather beyond the age than behind it in all that renders a man influential as a politician or powerful as a statesman.

Now, on the contrary, churchmen are educated apart from the age, and in direct opposition to it. Richelieu was for pushing the world on, and joining in its advance; but there is not a cardinal now living whose dominant idea is not the hope of being able to drive the world back towards a stupid, an ignorant, or a barbarous past. One of the Austrian proposals for the Pontifical States is to educate the people, which are said to be demoralized. Put the word priesthood for the people, and the counsel would be more appropriate. It is the priesthood there who are truly demoralized, and utterly without the education fitting them to influence their fellow men.

From The Press, 21 June.

THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.

THE best service that can be done to the people of Italy at the present moment is to warn them against illusions which, if indulged in, must lead to their destruction. If they listen to the language of our Ministerial journals they are lost. The sympathy expressed for their political state may be sincere, but it must be fruitless. The Triple Alliance has sealed their fate. Should they venture on insurrection, they will have the power of the three Governments of England, France, and Austria arrayed against them.

Can they fail to perceive that the decisive language of the Austrian Governments proceeds from a consciousness of the increased strength of its position, resulting from the Treaty of the 15th of April? It was with an eye to the Italian peninsula that that treaty was framed. The statesmen of France and Austria may be sincerely desirous of ameliorating the political condition of the Italian States, but on the first indication of that resistance which our journals so earnestly counsel, they would join their forces to repress it with a vigorous hand, and English ships would appear off the Italian ports charged to bear their part in the preservation of order.

Whatever may be the amount of effervescence among the Liberals of Italy, and whatever the activity of their secret societies, they may be assured of this, that there never was a time when revolt was more hopeless, or the means prepared for its prompt suppression more vast. The twenty-five millions of people which some sanguine speculators talk of as ready to take up arms for inde-

pendence, would avail little against the alliance of the three most powerful empires in the world.

It may help to calm the agitation in Italy to tell the people frankly that any expectation of assistance from this country would be even more miserably disappointed — if that were possible — than in 1818. No triple alliance then existed, yet humanity shudders to reflect on the fate of Brescia and of the Sicilian insurgents. If Lord Palmerston, after all his expressions of encouragement and promises of support, deserted them then, can they be credulous enough to believe that he would support them now?

The evils which afflict Italy are to be deplored; but those evils would be infinitely aggravated if the encouragement to revolt thrown out by our press were to have any effect in producing it. Sardinia is powerless in presence of the restraints imposed upon her action. Any movement on her part in favor of Italian nationality would only result in the overthrow of her own independence. The quietude of Italy is resolved on; and nothing but mischief can result from any attempts, however plotted, or by whomsoever favored, at political disturbance.

From The Examiner.

PAST THE SCENE OF THE INUNDATION TO SWITZERLAND.

BERN, June 8.

My journey hither was through the inundated plains of France, of which pen can give but an inadequate idea. The Yonne does not make furious ravages like the Allier or the Rhone, but its damage to crops is perhaps greater from the extent of fertile country through which it runs. The Emperor seized a most useful opportunity in hurrying to Lyons and bringing personal succor as well as in showing personal sympathy to the suffering artisans. They were, perhaps, the most disaffected class in France, partly owing to the misery caused by these inundations. Louis Napoleon's personal appearance on the scene was undoubtedly a happy thought; and if followed up by well-timed and well-organized relief, will probably secure the tranquillity of Lyons far more effectually than forts and soldiers. All the immense devastation was the result of not more than thirty hours' rain. A fortnight's continued wet might have been expected to do damage, but this last ruin and destruction were due to a rain that lasted only so many hours. Surely engineers in such a country as France ought to be prepared for a catastrophe so much in the order of things as a certain number of hours' rain. The Dutch and even the Chinese

manage better than this. They have learned effectually to resist the waters, by the side of, or under which, the French allow the second city of their empire to lie so exposed and inefficiently protected.

I find our friends the Swiss, like all the world, absorbed in *les intérêts matériels*. Yet they are by no means tranquil. The Swiss indeed never are, notwithstanding our preconceived ideas of their pastoral felicity. At present there is nothing but quarrel, and petition, and menace, and intrigue, from one side of this mountain land to the other, occasioned by the railroads. The capitalists, authorities, and interests of the different towns and cantons, are all by the ears. Five years ago no town would hear of a railroad coming to disturb its quiet; whereas now, each town threatens death to the Federation itself if the railroad does not come to its doors. The Swiss had enough money and more than enough, as well as business habits and engineering skill sufficient to have planned, set on foot, and executed national railroads for themselves. But they hung back as the French did in their day, and allowed foreigners to step in and get grants of every line. I need not describe to you the great financial leviathans which struggle against each other in this direction in the French capital, and have now extended their disputes all over Europe. The Rothschild faction have got hold of the great central, as they call the northern line of Switzerland, which starts from Basle, and will soon be completed to Lucerne. The Pereire and the Credit Mobilier people, who I see have just suffered such a blow from the explosion of M. Place, have opened the line connecting the lakes, of Neufchatel and Geneva, and which is to continue round the latter. The two will no doubt compete as to which will open the way to Italy the most quickly and cheaply; and as long as shares keep up, which each powerful company, short of some extraordinary accident, is well able to effect, some millions will of course be very usefully spent in humbling the proud mountains to bear the iron road.

I have my own opinion as to these railroad passes from the north of Europe into Italy, and my faith is in a great French and Piedmontese line from Lyons by the arm of the Rhone to Chambery, and through the Mont

Cenis to Turin and Genoa. The other, or German line, will no doubt come down by Salzburg upon Venice and Trieste. Against such natural and facile lines as these the Swiss might strive in vain to make their country the chief passage. Piedmont, however ought to be up and doing; and surely, if the Swiss have got so much French money in addition to their own, Piedmont can always procure English capital for what promises a far more desirable success.

Strange to say, Swiss democracy has chosen to show itself in some places rabid against railroads. Why, it would be difficult to say. The rich, whom they call aristocrat, are certainly putting money in these enterprises, and will probably gain by them; but surely the facility and cheapness of locomotion, which allows laborer and artisan to carry his great merchandise in his hands, to any market, brings to the poor a far greater advantage than any corresponding one could possibly prove to the rich.

Nevertheless there is still an outcry, which is not confined to the haunts of the humbler classes, but which breaks out, I am ashamed to say, in the press. The main power of disquiet in Switzerland, at present, is in the Canton of Neufchatel, owing in a great measure to the anomalous claim of the King of Prussia to govern that Principality, and to keep them in continual dread of new attempts to subject them. The character of the present King of Prussia is not calculated to tranquillize them in this respect. A more immediate cause of disquiet, moreover, is the dearness of provisions, and of every necessary of life, house-rent included; and of all this the Emperor of the French, who is very active, and condescends to small cares as well as great, has sought to take advantage. His government have opened a kind of asylum at Dijon, where any Swiss watchmaker or watchwork maker may settle and be lodged free as well as be exempt from taxes, and have other immunities for a certain number of years. Several have profited by the invitation. But it is only the bad workmen who emigrate, after all. It is complete freedom that has enabled the Swiss to make watches, as well as to do a number of other things; and a close corporation in the hands of the Prefect of Dijon will never compete with or supersede the industrious artisan of the Swiss village.